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THE

# BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING

## TRANSLATIONS.

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MICKLE. SMOLLETT.

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OF

MICKLE, AND SMOLLETT.

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FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,

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THE

# POEMS

OF

# William Julius Mickle.

THE

# LIFE

OF

# WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

---

The parents of Mickle were respectable in their circumstances, and amiable in their disposition. The Reverend Alexander Mickle, his father, was originally designed for the profession of medicine, and studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave; but, his inclination leading him to be the physician of the soul rather than of the body, he performed the stated divinity exercises at the university of Edinburgh, and, at a more advanced age than usual, he was admitted into the ministry of the church of Scotland. He then removed to London, where he preached in various dissenting meetings, and particularly in that of Dr. Watts; and was employed by the booksellers to correct the translation of Bayle's Dictionary, to which he contributed the greater part of the additional notes. The living of Langholm, in the county of Dumfries, was given to him, in 1716, by George I. and, in 1727, he married Miss Julia Henderson, the first cousin of Sir William Johnstone, Bart. of Westerhall, by whom he had ten children. That Mr. and Mrs. Mickle were among 'the best of

parents,' that they stimulated the youthful minds of their offspring to exertion by 'praise' and not by 'frowns,' and that they delighted to unfold to them the beauties of the Muse and of classic lore, is gratefully recorded by their son, in some early and unpolished but warmly affectionate strains.

William Julius Mickle, their fourth son, was born in the parsonage house of Langholm, on the twenty-ninth of September, 1734. The introductory part of his education he received at the grammar school of Langholm, and from the lessons of his father and mother. When he was only seven years of age, Ovid, he has told us, was his favourite author. We also learn from him that, like the Edwin of Beattie, he had no fondness for 'childish toys,' and that it was his chief pleasure to wander alone on 'the banks of the Esk,' listening to the murmur of the stream, and the song of the birds, or to sit 'on the rocky cliff,' and watch 'the swelling flood,' till his bosom would become filled with 'wild grand thoughts,' and his 'hair would bristle, and his head would thrill.' Had not the juvenile poem, in which he mentions these circumstances, been written long previously to the publication of 'The Minstrel,' it might have been supposed that he involuntarily embodied the recollections of his youth in the language of Beattie.

But, though the mind of Mickle early displayed signs of high poetical feeling, he did not early acquire the power of poetical expression. He soon, indeed, attempted to produce poetry, but his first pieces, which were chiefly short devotional poems, or versions of the psalms, are said not to have risen above the level of puerile productions; and, if we may judge from the single specimen which remains, they were, as far as regards the mechanism of verse, less perfect than the compositions of many other boys. The fruit ripened late, but its flavour was, perhaps, the more exquisite.

When Mickle was thirteen, the 'Faerie Queene' accidentally fell into his hands. He perused it with rapture, and it inspired him with an ardent wish, which was at length gratified, to be an imitator of Spenser. Other models of composition likewise contributed, about this period, to the formation of his taste. His father now resided in the Scottish capital, he having been allowed by his parishioners to remove to that city, and act by deputy at Langholm, as well on account of his age and infirmities as that he might educate his children in a suitable manner. This was a favour which was then sparingly granted, and it may, therefore, be considered as a testimony to the merit of the person by whom it was received. At Edinburgh, young Mickle was admitted into the high school, and there the works of Homer and Virgil became, with those of Spenser, the constant companions of his leisure.

From the delights of study and the Muse, he was, however, soon called off to pursuits of a very different and uncongenial nature. When he had been settled in Edinburgh two years, the father of Mickle was induced to invest the principal part of his fortune in a brewery, which had belonged to a brother-in-law who had recently died. This business he carried on in the name of his eldest son, and William was taken from school to be employed as a clerk. In 1755, Mickle came of age, and the concern was then made over to him, on condition of his granting to his father a share of the profits during life, and paying certain sums to his brothers and sisters in the event of his father's decease. That decease took place in 1758. To the business of a brewer he had a strong aversion, and nothing but filial duty, and a desire to benefit his family, could have prevailed upon him to engage in it.

From the toils and vexations incident to trade, Mickle, perhaps too often, took refuge in literature.

He was a frequent visitor of the Advocates' Library, of which the under keeper was Mr. Walter Goodall, the well known vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots. The first published attempts of Mickle were 'Knowledge, an Ode,' and 'A Night Piece,' which appeared without his name, in Donaldson's Collection, about the year 1761; the ode, however, having been written some years before, and printed in one of the newspapers. Lord Hailes pronounced the author to be a poet; and the ode, though inferior to Mickle's subsequent productions, has merit sufficient to justify his lordship's judgment. The Night Piece is an inferior, but not a contemptible poem.

The pen of Mickle was, however, not solely employed upon subjects of amusement. Annet's 'History of the Man after God's own Heart' had recently issued from the press; and Mickle, who was unaffectedly yet zealously pious, undertook the refutation of it. Whether his remarks were given to the world in a separate form, or in some of the periodicals of the day, is not known. They were praised by a friend, as being likely to 'be a most acceptable present to that part of the public, who are inclined to piety, but want either time or abilities to examine into the merits of the question;' and this praise it is probable that they deserved.

He had completed a dramatic poem, of considerable length, and, with the laudable purpose of 'justifying the ways of God to man,' had begun a poem on Providence, when his studies were interrupted by the embarrassment of his affairs. Mammon is a jealous power, who will seldom be contented with less than the souls and bodies of his votaries. Mickle, by his love of literature, and the confidingness and generosity of his nature, was unfitted for trade. He had trusted too much to his servants, and had likewise been a joint security, for a large amount, with a printer in Edinburgh, to whom one

of his brothers was an apprentice. The printer failed, and Mickle, already sinking, was burdened with the whole weight of responsibility.

In this emergency, his brother judiciously advised him to compound with his creditors, and dispose of the business. But Mickle had one of those sensitive minds which feel a stain like a wound; and in his sight insolvency appeared to be an indelible disgrace. 'It would,' says he, in one of his letters, 'be bringing the horridest stain upon myself, that never can be wiped off. A bankrupt! a name that always carries with it vice and villany, or at the best but carelessness and incapacity—who would not do all he could to shun that?'

That his affairs might be retrieved by strenuous exertion, he fondly hoped; and he also cherished expectations of deriving some assistance from the produce of his literary labours. His friends, for he was warmly loved, participated in the delusion; they lent him their aid, and his creditors were easily induced to take notes at three and four months date. A palliative like this could be productive of little benefit. Time enough was not allowed for him to make such efforts as were requisite to extricate himself. The short moments of respite were, therefore, passed in feverish anxiety, and before they were ended he was 'reduced,' says his biographer, Mr. Sim, 'to a state of melancholy bordering upon despair.' It was, however, not a selfish sorrow that overwhelmed him. The fear of having brought distress on his relatives and friends was the chief cause of his mental anguish. To the bitterness of that anguish his private memorandums and his letters bear affecting testimony. In one of the former, he exclaims, 'To-morrow evening, perhaps, I shall mourn in a gaol; deserted of Providence, and left a prey to the extreme cruelty of honest thought, and the tenderest feelings for my poor sisters! Will

God, indeed, give me up to this hell? Did he give this honesty and warmth of feeling to be my curse and tormentor? and must the murderer, the thief, and fraudulent debtor sleep in peace, undisturbed, but at their own confinement? Well, care and disquietude cannot amend me, even should Providence desert me so far! Often have they incapacitated me to do as I ought. But I argue in vain; composure is not in my own command. I may hide my griefs from company, but I cannot from myself. Yet let me summon all the resolution I am master of, which has already, oftener than once, undismayed, borne the very near prospect of death: let me do all that I yet can, and trust in the Father of Mercies, who easily can deliver me, if he will;—that he will, will yet raise me undishonoured, and innocent of the harm of others, from this business, which he knows his Providence, in a manner, thrust me into; which I have never liked, and which he has not fitted me for. Grant, O Father, that thy providence may yet appear merciful and compassionate to me. Thou, who knowest the infirmities of poor human nature, pity, oh, pity me, and deliver me. Make haste, O God! to save me—else I perish!'

By the intercession of his friends, the creditors of Mickle were once more prevailed on to grant him a delay of a few months. During that period he applied closely to business, and he also finished the poem on which he built his hopes of pecuniary advantage. But all his endeavours were fruitless. Amidst constantly increasing difficulties, and legal annoyance, he struggled on, from the summer of 1762 to the spring of the following year, when insolvency became inevitable, and, with an almost broken heart, he submitted to his fate. Having, with his wonted honesty, distributed his property to the uttermost farthing, he waited for a small remittance from his brother, to enable him to reach

the metropolis; but understanding that a creditor intended to arrest him for a trifling sum, he was under the necessity of hastily quitting Edinburgh, walking to Newcastle, and there embarking in a collier for London, in which city he arrived, destitute of money and connexions, and depressed with grief, on the eighth of May.

The poem, to the sale of which he had looked for relief, had now been for several months before the public. It was published by Dodsley, in August, 1762, with the title of 'Providence, or Arandus and Emilec.' The 'Critical Review' mentioned it with warm praise; but the sentence of the Monthly was much less satisfactory to the author. Lord Lyttelton was at this period one of the acknowledged arbiters of literary merit, and to his judgment, therefore, Mickle resolved to appeal. In January 1763, he sent from Edinburgh, under an assumed name, a letter to his lordship, begging his opinion of the poem, asking leave to dedicate to him an improved edition, and requesting that an answer might be left at a coffee house in London.

As a long time elapsed without any notice being taken of his application, it is probable that Mickle drew the same conclusion which was afterwards drawn by the wonderful and ill-starred Chatterton, that 'knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.' When, however, he had been two months in the metropolis, and was on the eve of trying his fortune in Jamaica, he was gratified by a letter, in language of kindness, from Lord Lyttelton, complimenting the genius of Mickle, advising, however, that the poem should not be republished without considerable alterations, offering to read it over with him, that they might discuss its beauties and faults, but declining a dedication, on the ground that, as nobody minded dedications, it was not likely to be

of service to the poet. 'In the meanwhile,' said his lordship, 'let me exhort you to endeavour to acquire greater harmony of versification; and to take care that your diction do not loiter into prose, or become nard by new phrases, or words unauthorized by the usage of our good authors.'

This advice proves that his lordship had given a careful perusal to the poem of 'Arandus and Emilec.' That poem is now become extremely scarce, but I have read it, und must say that its faults are those which Lord Lyttelton exhorted the author to avoid. It is the production of a man of poetical genius, not yet disciplined in the forms and arts of poetical composition. The language is at times deficient in dignity, and at others in elegance; the style is stiff and confused, and the verse, which is blank verse, moves heavily and harshly. Mickle himself candidly owned, that the work had been 'sent to press hurried and unfinished;' and, after having made several fruitless attempts to correct it, he resigned it to oblivion. There are, nevertheless, many passages of superior merit to be found in this forgotten poem.

Encouraged by the friendly tone of Lord Lyttelton, Mickle avowed his name, and transmitted his 'Pollio' for his lordship's opinion. This called forth from the peer a second letter, still more gratifying than the first. An interview at length took place, in February 1764, and Mickle had ample reason to be satisfied with the manner in which he was received. His lordship recommended to him not to be disheartened by the difficulties which beset young authors, but to cultivate his very promising talents, and 'with great condescension added, that he would become his schoolmaster.'

With respect to acting as Mickle's poetical tutor, the peer faithfully kept his word; they had several meetings for that purpose, and the pupil, though he

might sometimes think the taste of his lordship unreasonably fastidious, confessedly derived benefit from his lessons and suggestions.

It was the wish of Mickle to publish, in the spring of 1765, a volume of poems; but his scheme was frustrated by various circumstances, among which was the impossibility of rendering the tale of 'Arandus and Emilec' sufficiently correct. He, therefore, contented himself with sending from the press, and that not till late in the year, the elegy entitled 'Pollio.' Lord Lyttelton's opinion of this elegy may be safely adopted. 'It has,' said he, 'all the merit that just sentiments, fine poetical imagery, elegant diction, and harmonious numbers, can give to so trite a subject. There is also in some stanzas a sublimity of thought and expression which raises it above the ordinary pitch of mere description.' Why Mickle did not, as he originally intended, add to the pamphlet his ode on 'May Day,' which is an animated composition, his biographers have not informed us.

He had now been nearly two years in the metropolis, and his scanty subsistence was still derived from such aid as his brothers could afford to him, or he could procure by writing for periodical works, chiefly for the St. James's and British Magazines. His circumstances imperiously called on him to make some effort; and he hoped, not unnaturally, that Lord Lyttelton had the power and the will to do him service. His hopes, however, did not rise above a clerkship in some of the public offices, or a recommendation to Jamaica, of which colony his lordship's brother was then the governor. It seemed at first as if Mickle's modest wishes would be gratified; and he already exulted in the prospect of being placed at least above the dread of poverty. Lord Lyttelton had an interview with him, in which he expressed a warm desire to serve him, and mentioned several

probable modes of doing it; he even wrote to his brother in praise of Mickle; but, either from inability, or some unknown cause, he did nothing more. Towards the close of 1765 their intercourse ceased; but, though Mickle must have been severely pained by the disappointment which he had experienced, and though he was of a sufficiently irritable nature, he never mentioned his lordship in the language of anger or disrespect.

On the failure of his expectations from Lord Lyttelton, he accepted an offer to go to Carolina, in the humble capacity of a merchant's clerk. Fortunately, however, his departure was delayed for some months, in which interval he had an opportunity of obtaining employment more congenial to his taste. He had for some time resided at Oxford; and there, probably through the interest of the Wartons, with whom he was acquainted, he was appointed corrector of the Clarendon press. The salary was not large, but it secured comfort to him, and the place of his residence afforded the facility of procuring the chief delights of his existence, literary converse and the means of study.

The fruits of the leisure and tranquillity which he enjoyed were given to the public in 1767, when he published his longest and best original poem, with the title of 'The Concubine.' It passed through several editions, and, as he at first concealed that he was the author, he had the pleasure of hearing his work attributed to various eminent writers, among whom were the Wartons. In 1777, he changed the title to 'Syr Martyn,' on the ground that the former one 'conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem.' The validity of this objection, and the propriety of the change, are not obvious. The subject is the fatal influence of a low-born and vulgar-minded mistress on the fortune and character of a man of birth and refined feelings, and

thus far the title of 'The Concubine' is descriptive; but the title of 'Syr Martyn' indicates nothing more than the name of the hero of the song.

His early ambition, to become an imitator of Spenser, was now fully gratified; and it must be owned that the disciple is worthy of the master. Few poets have imbibed a larger portion than Mickle of the spirit of Spenser. He displays a vivid fancy, and a power of keen observation; his descriptions are luxuriant and full of glowing beauty; his sentiments are just, aptly introduced, and expressed with elegance; and his versification, always musical, has at times a peculiar and lulling sweetness. Yet 'Syr Martyn' can hardly be numbered among popular works. It is not, like one or two others of the kind, frequently reprinted and reperused. The cause of this must, perhaps, be sought for in the subject, which is the triumph of artifice and meanness, and the consequent slow but continual degradation of a naturally noble mind. To contemplate a humiliating process like this excites in the reader a degree of disgust and of mental pain, to which he does not willingly expose himself. He more than half despises the hero of the tale; he has, therefore, little sympathy for his sufferings; and, though tempted by all the charms of poetry, having once listened to the story, he listens to it no more.

Mickle was now in the enjoyment of fame, and, though not of affluence, yet of an income sufficient to afford to him a decent and independent subsistence. His happiness was, however, interrupted by the illness of his brother Charles, whom he tenderly loved, and who, towards the latter end of 1767, was ordered to the Bristol hot wells, as a last resource, to stop the progress of a consumptive complaint. Mickle cheered his sinking brother by letters, fraught with affection and piety; he contributed from his scanty funds more

than half the expense which was incurred; and for a while he fondly cherished a hope that the companion of his youth might still be saved. That hope was blighted; Charles Mickle died early in 1768, and his death was lamented by his brother with the bitterest sorrow.

About this time Harwood published what he called 'a liberal translation of the New Testament;' among the demerits of which may be reckoned that the majestic simplicity of the great original is destroyed by rhetorical embellishments and affected forms of language. It was vehemently attacked by Mickle, in 1769, in an octavo pamphlet, called 'A Letter to Mr. Harwood, wherein some of his evasive glosses, false translations, and blundering criticisms, in support of the Arian heresy, contained in his liberal translation of the New Testament, are pointed out and confuted.' On this occasion Mickle displayed acuteness and learning, and had the advantage over his opponent; but he sullied his victory by an asperity of manner which can lend no support to a bad or doubtful cause, and which is unworthy of a good one.

This was succeeded, in 1770, by another pamphlet, in defence of religion. It bore the title of 'Voltaire in the Shades; or, Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy.' It was not without considerable merit, but was liable to the same objection as the letter to Harwood. Among the speakers introduced into these dialogues was Hume, whom he abhorred, and once intended to satirize in a poem, to be named 'The Cave of Deism,' of which cave he designed to represent Hume as being either the genius or the keeper. This poem was to have been written in the stanza of Spenser, and was to consist of five or six hundred lines; but it does not appear that any part of it was ever composed.

In 1772, he edited that collection of poems which

has the name of Pearch's, and forms a continuation of Dodsley's. He inserted in it two original pieces of his own; the ballad of 'Hengist and Mey,' and the 'Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots.' The latter was written several years before, and is one of the poems which he submitted to the judgment of Lord Lyttelton, who, being prejudiced against Mary, declined to criticise it. In this elegy there is vigour, picturesque imagery, some pathos, and a spirited strain of versification. Its defects are a few careless expressions, and a slight degree of abruptness and obscurity. 'Hengist and Mey,' is a pleasing ballad; but Mickle's best composition of this kind is 'The Sorceress,' produced at a subsequent period, and which has not often been excelled.

Dramatic composition, when successful, being more quickly and largely profitable than any other species of writing, Mickle, soon after his arrival in the metropolis, began a tragedy, the scene of which was laid at the siege of Marseilles, in the reign of Francis the First. It seems to have occupied him for a considerable time, and, when completed, it was transmitted to Garrick, who owned that it possessed poetical beauties, but complained that it wanted stage effect, and was of opinion that, unless it were remodeled, it could not be rendered fit for the theatre. Mickle, in consequence, laboured strenuously to remove its defects, and in doing this he was assisted by the Wartons and the author of Douglas. The piece was brought into a finished state in the spring of 1771. But though he had almost new written it, and greatly altered the disposition, and though the historian of English poetry wrote to the manager to recommend it, Mickle had the mortification of seeing all his hopes blighted by a second rejection.

This disappointment he did not bear patiently, and his feelings were further irritated by his being told

that Garrick had spoken of him with personal disrespect. In his anger he resolved, not merely to publish the drama with a preface, but also to write a new Dunciad, of which the hero should be Garrick. Other occupations, however, and, perhaps, cooler thoughts, induced him to desist from his scheme of vengeance.

The tragedy was afterwards offered to Sheridan and to Harris, and was declined by both, and in the decision of the three managers we may safely acquiesce. 'The Siege of Marseilles' rises little above mediocrity as a poem; it sinks beneath it as a drama. It exercises no influence over the passions or feelings. The plot is unskilfully contrived and conducted; the characters are not drawn with a masterly hand; the language is cold and declamatory; the versification is often stiff and undramatic; and some censure must be passed on the gross violation of historical truth. Passages of great beauty the piece undoubtedly contains: but they are diamond sparks scattered in a heap of common pebbles.

But though, as had already happened to many eminent men, he failed in this attempt, he was crowned with the fullest success in an undertaking of another kind. At an early age he had read with delight the Lusiad of Camoens, in the French version of Castera. England then possessed no translation of the Lusitanian epic, save that which was executed more than a century before, and in a very incompetent manner, by Sir Richard Fanshaw. He resolved, therefore, to naturalize the Lusiad in his own country, and with this view he applied himself to the study of the Portuguese tongue, of which he finally acquired a perfect knowledge. The carrying of his plan into effect was long delayed, but he never lost sight of it. At length, having risen into reputation, he published, in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1771, a version of that part of the fifth book which describes

the Spirit of the Cape; and, in the following summer, he put forth the first book, as a further specimen, with proposals for printing the whole by subscription.

So warm and general was the approbation which these specimens received, that he was encouraged to relinquish his situation, as corrector of the Clarendon press, and retire, in the spring of 1772, to an old mansion-house, once the residence of Milton, now inhabited by a farmer, at Forest Hill, near Oxford, where he purposed to devote himself to the task which he had undertaken. He had no other means of subsistence than the casual sums arising from the subscription, but his spirits were good, and he proceeded with energy; for he was cheered in his course by the warm applause of men of taste and genius, and he was also animated by the hope of reward and fame. With such vigour did he persevere, that, towards the close of 1775, the work was published, in a quarto volume, the list of subscribers to which was copious and respectable.

It was, in this instance, the avowed ambition of Mickle to give a poem that might live in the English language, and never did ambition more completely attain its object. The English Lusiad, as, with a nice propriety not immediately obvious, it is frequently called, stands in the very first rank of our poetical translations. It has few equals; no superiors. Whatever of grand or beautiful Mickle found in Camoens, he carefully preserved; what was low he raised, and what was dark he illumined; and when the original wholly failed him, he supplied the deficiency with a lavish hand from his own stores. His enlargements and interpolations, even to the extent of three hundred lines at once, are so numerous that he may almost be considered as the joint author of the poem. It may be denied that he is a faithful

translator; it must be owned that he is something of a higher order. In praise of the versification scarcely too much can be said. It is correct, without bearing the marks of labour; and it has a richness and variety too seldom to be met with in heroic rhyme, which, by a perpetual recurrence of the same pauses and cadences, is apt, especially in a long composition, to pall and fatigue the ear.

The dissertations which he prefixed to the poem greatly enhance the worth of the volume, and establish his title to the character of a man of acuteness, reading, and research.

The value of the work was duly appreciated by the public. The first edition consisted of a thousand copies, and its sale was so rapid, that a second, with improvements, became necessary in 1778. The Lusiad was, however, productive of one severe disappointment to its translator. By the dedication he had hoped to obtain a powerful patron, and it had been often hinted to him, that such a compliment would be gratefully repaid by persons who were high in the East India department. But, in an evil hour, he was persuaded, by his friend Commodore Johnstone, to disregard those hints, and to dedicate his labours to the late Duke of Buccleugh. The peer accepted the offer, received a copy of the volume, with a letter from Mickle, took no notice whatever of the translator, and, when questioned on the subject of his unfeeling and unmannerly neglect, he had the rudeness and folly to reply, that the book was still unread, but that he was informed that it had not the merit which had been attributed to it, and therefore nothing could be done.

The cause of this conduct Mickle supposed that he traced to the duke being the friend of Hume, whom the poet detested, and of Adam Smith, some of whose favourite doctrines were controverted in the

preliminary essays to the Lusiad. Stung to the quick by the treatment which he had experienced, he planned, and partly wrote, 'An Heroic Epistle from Mr. Hume in the Shades, to Dr. Adam Smith,' in which all the offending parties were severely satirized. At a later period, however, he committed it to the flames; thinking, probably, that his wrongs would be well avenged, by the contempt of posterity for his ill-chosen patron. Mickle judged rightly. Nearly half a century has since elapsed, and only one man has been found hardy enough to panegyrize the peer, and to look upon it as an act of impropriety to 'bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.'

The profits of the Lusiad, which amounted to nearly a thousand pounds, were probably equal to Mickle's expectations; but they were not sufficient to place him in a situation of pecuniary comfort. They were, indeed, already on the eve of being exhausted; for, independent of the sum which had been applied to his own support, and an allowance to his sisters, he had honourably appropriated a share of his gains to the payment of a portion of his debts, an object which at all times, was one of the nearest to his heart. An attempt was now made to obtain for him a pension, but it proved abortive. Bishop Lowth, who admired him for his abilities, and esteemed him for his religious principles, offered to ordain him, and to provide for him in the church. But, with a delicate and noble feeling, Mickle, in spite of his necessities, declined to avail himself of this offer, in the fear that infidels might impute to an interested motive the Christian zeal which he had displayed. To publish a complete edition of his poems, by subscription, at the price of a guinea, was the resource which he adopted, and he accordingly issued his proposals. 'After this labour is finished (said he), if Governor Johnstone cannot, or does not, help me to a little in-

dependence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy suspense, and, perhaps, also, to the chagrin of soul which I feel to accompany it.' While he was thus engaged, in 1779, he found time to publish a pamphlet in defence of the East India Company, in opposition to the opinions of Dr. Adam Smith.

Fortune at length smiled on him. His relation and friend, Governor Johnstone, was appointed, in the spring of 1779, to the command of the Romney, and commodore of a squadron, and he immediately nominated Mickle as his secretary. The latter, though only ranking as a non-commissioned officer, became thus entitled to a considerable share of prize money. It was no small enhancement of the pleasure arising from his appointment, that the squadron was destined to visit the Portuguese capital, where his fame was widely spread. In November he reached Lisbon, where he found Don John of Braganza, the Duke of Lafoens, waiting on the quay that he might be the first to welcome him to Portugal. By that prince he was introduced to the nobles and literati, who lavished on him their kindness, and, in May, 1780, he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, on which occasion the duke presented to him his own portrait, as a token of his particular regard.

Mickle was not idle while he remained in Portugal. He collected materials for a history of that country: which, however, he did not live to compose. He also wrote his 'Almada Hill, an Epistle from Lisbon,' but it did not come from the press till 1781. It forms a kind of supplement to the Lusiad, and, though not without defects, it is a poem which, both in sentiment and description, does honour to his genius.

In November, 1780, he returned to England, which he quitted no more. His prize money amounted to

a large sum, and his resources received another increase by his being made joint agent for the disposal of the prizes. He was now in a situation to complete the payment of his debts; and, with an inexpressible gladness of heart, he hastened to satisfy his creditors. This may, perhaps, be considered as one of the happiest moments of his existence. The burden which, for fifteen years, had weighed down his spirits, was at length thrown off, and he could look upon every human being without the dread of reproach.

In 1782, he published 'The Prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient ballad, lately discovered, written by Joannes Turgottus, prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus: to which is added by the editor, an account of the discovery, and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley.' The ballad, which, in reality, is allusive to the contest with America, is a spirited composition, and the prose which accompanies it is a pleasant and well executed burlesque on the mode of argument employed, by Milles and Bryant, in the controversy respecting the poems of the pseudo Rowley.

While he resided at Forest Hill, he contracted an affection for Miss Mary Tomkins, the daughter of the farmer in whose house he dwelt. They were married on the third of June, 1781, and, as the lady brought him an addition to his fortune, he was now possessed of a handsome competence. He sustained, indeed, a considerable loss from the failure of a banker, and some annoyance from a chancery suit, in which he too hastily engaged, but his comforts do not seem to have been materially diminished. By his wife he had one son, who afterwards obtained a place in the India House. The latter years of Mickle were spent in retirement, during which period he corrected his

poems for the press, and corresponded with the ropean Magazine, to which he contributed Fragments of Leo,' and some reviews of b The song called 'Eskdale Braes,' was the last which he produced. It is pretty, but far from to his song of 'There's nae luck about the h which, as Burns justly remarks, 'is positivel finest love ballad in that style in the Scottis perhaps any other language.'

Mickle died, in his fifty-fourth year, at Forest on the 25th of October, 1788, after a brief illness, was on a visit to his father-in-law. His death deeply regretted by his friends; and, whether contemplated as a poet or a man, his character not fail to be respected by every person of tast genius, and by every lover of virtue and of an h independence of spirit.

# POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

## KNOWLEDGE.

### An Ode.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum. OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease, my careless fancy stray'd,
  And o'er the landscape ran:
Revived, what scenes the seasons show;
And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
  Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen low beneath my feet,
  Along the clover'd dale;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
  And breaks the new-mown vale.

'Hail, Knowledge, gift of Heaven! (I cried)
E'en all the gifts of Heaven beside,
  Compared to thee, how low!
The blessings of the earth and air
The beasts of fold and forest share,
  But godlike beings KNOW.

'How mean the shortlived joys of sense;
But how sublime the excellence
  Of Wisdom's sacred lore!
In death's deep shades what nations lie!
Yet still can Wisdom's piercing eye
  Their mighty deeds explore.

'She sees the little Spartan band,
With great Leonidas, withstand
  The Asian world in arms;
She hears the heavenly sounds that hung
On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
  And glows at Tully's charms.

'The wonders of the spacious sky
She penetrates with Newton's eye,
  And marks the planets roll:
The human mind with Locke she scans;
With Cambray, virtue's flame she fans,
  And lifts to Heaven the soul.

'How matter takes ten thousand forms
Of metals, plants, of men and worms,
  She joys to trace with Boyle.
This life she deems an infant state,
A gleam that bodes a life complete,
  Beyond this mortal toil.

'What numerous ills in life befall!
Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
And arms the breast with steel:
E'en Death's pale face no horror wears;
But, ah! what horrid pangs and fears
Unknowing wretches feel!

'That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
And fairer than the morning shines,
Where Wisdom's treasures glow:
But, ah! how void yon peasant's mind,
His thoughts how darken'd and confined,
Nor cares he more to know.

'The last two tenants of the ground,
Of ancient times his history bound;
Alas! it scarce goes higher:
In vain to him is Maro's strain,
And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain;
In vain is Milton's fire.

'Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
Can give his soul the grand delight
To trace Almighty power:
His team thinks just as much as he
Of Nature's vast variety,
In animal and flower.'

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear; I look'd around,
And, lo! an ancient sage,
Hard by an ivied oak, stood near,
That fenced the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle gray flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard waved to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And Peace smiled in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the sage began—
'Godlike it is to know, I own;
But, oh! how little can be known
By poor shortsighted man.

'Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
And star-crown'd science, boastful guide,
Display their fairest light;
There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
And grope in endless night.

'Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
"Virtue and vice are merely names,
And changing every hour:"
Ashley! how loud in virtue's praise!
Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
And strips her of her dower.

'Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
A godless passive cause:
See Bayle, oft slily shifting round,
Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
And change, O Truth! thy laws.

'And, what the joy this lore bestows?—
Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
  Above what bestials claim:
To quench our noblest native fire,
That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
  Is all its hope, its aim.

'Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
Where ignorance her tents hath placed,
  More dismal scenes display:
A scene where virtue sickening dies,
Where vice to dark extinction flies,
  And spurns the future day.

'Wisdom, you boast, to you is given;
At night then mark the fires of heaven,
  And let thy mind explore;
Swift as the lightning let it fly
From star to star, from sky to sky,
  Still, still are millions more.

'The' immense ideas strike the soul
With pleasing horror, and control
  Thy wisdom's empty boast:
What are they?—Thou canst never say:
Then silent adoration pay,
  And be in wonder lost.

'Say, how the selfsame roots produce
The wholesome food and poisonous juice;
  And adders balsams yield?
How fierce the lurking tiger glares,
How mild the heifer with thee shares
  The labours of the field?

'Why, growling to his den, retires
The sullen pard, while joy inspires
  Yon happy sportive lambs?
Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray;
Now, weary of their gambling play,
  All single out their dams.

'Instinct directs—But what is that?
Fond man, thou never canst say what:
  Oh, short thy searches fall!
By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
The useful arts of men increase,
  But this at once is all.

'A trunk first floats along the deep,
Long ages still improve the ship,
  Till she commands the shore;
But never bird improved her nest,
Each all at once of powers possess'd,
  Which ne'er can rise to more.

'That down the steep the waters flow,
That weight descends, we see, we know,
  But why, can ne'er explain:
Then, humbly weighing Nature's laws,
To God's high will ascribe the cause,
  And own thy wisdom vain.

'For still the more thou know'st, the more
Shalt thou the vanity deplore
  Of all thy soul can find:
This life a sickly woful dream,
A burial of the soul will seem,
  A palsy of the mind.

'Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
Alas! it points the secret spear
  Of many a nameless woe.
Thy delicacy dips the dart
In rankling gall, and gives a smart
  Beyond what he can know.

'How happy then the simple mind
Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
  Where all is smiling peace!
No thoughts of more exalted joy
His present bliss one hour destroy,
  Nor rob one moment's ease.

'The stings neglected merit feels,
The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
  When crush'd by wayward fate;
These are not found beneath his roof,
Against them all securely proof,
  Heaven guards his humble state.

'Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But, mark, how just the ways of Heaven!
  True joy to all is free:
Nor wealth nor knowledge grants the boon;
'Tis thine, O Conscience! thine alone,
  It all belongs to thee.

'Bless'd in thy smiles the shepherd lives;
Gay is his morn; his evening gives
  Content and sweet repose:
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd,
To sage or chief, one weary void
  Is all that life bestows.

'Then wouldst thou, mortal, rise divine,
Let innocence of soul be thine,
With active goodness join'd:
My heart shall then confess thee bless'd,
And, ever lively, joyful taste
The pleasures of the mind.'

So spake the sage——My heart replied,
'How poor, how blind, is human pride;
All joy how false and vain;
But that from conscious worth which flows,
Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
And hopes an after reign!'

# ELEGIES.

## A NIGHT PIECE.

The scene is an old churchyard (now the principal street of the city of Edinburgh), where the famous Buchanan, and some of the most celebrated personages of his age and nation, lie interred.

So now the doors are shut; the busy hand
Of industry suspends her toil a while,
And solemn silence reigns; the men of law
Nor throng the passage to the wrangling bar,
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
Their cause's long delay. The labourer
Lies wrapp'd in sleep, his brawny nerves unbraced,
Gathering new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
And happy he who sleeps! Perhaps, just now,
The modest widow, and the weak old man,
Fainting with want, recline the languid head;
While o'er their riotous debauch, the rout
Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
Applaud the witless but envenom'd jest.
At yon dim taper, poring o'er his bonds,
Or copious rent-roll, crooked Avarice sits;
Or, sleepless, on his tawdry bed revolves
On plans of usury. Oh, thrice dire disease!

Unsocial madness! Wherefore all this care,
This lust of gold, that from the mind excludes
All thought of duty or to God or man?
An heir debauch'd, who wishes nothing more
Than the old dotard dead, shall throw it all
On whores and dogs away; then, cursing life,
That nought but scoundrel poverty affords,
By his own hand a mangled carcass falls.
  Now, smoking with unhallow'd fires, the sons
Of brutal riot stroll along the streets,
Scenting the prostitutes: perhaps the son
Of some well meaning countryman, enticed
By lewd companions, midnight orgies holds,
Kennels with some abominable wretch;
Contracting foul disease; one day to strike
His hopeless parents' hearts with biting grief,
And o'er their reverend hoary cheeks to pour
The sad parental tear.
  Behold how grand the lady of the night,
The silver moon, with majesty divine,
Emerges from behind yon sable cloud;
Around her all the spacious heavens glow
With living fires! In the pale air sublime,
Saint Giles's column rears its ancient head,
Whose builders many a century ago
Were moulder'd into dust. Now, O my soul,
Be fill'd with sacred awe! I tread above
The chiefs of ancient days, great in the works
Of peace, and dreadful in the ranks of war;
Whose manly harness'd breasts and nervous arms
Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land;
But now, in death's blank courts, mix'd with the sons
Of basest deeds; and now unknown as they.

Where now, ye learn'd, the hope of all your rage
And bitter spleen? Ye statesmen, where the meed
Of all your toils, and victims at the shrine
Of wild ambition? Active Moray's bones
With Errol's dust in dreary silence rest:
The sly Buchanan and the zealous Knox
Mingle their ashes in the peaceful grave
With Romish priests, and hapless Mary's friends.
No quarrel now, no holy frauds disturb
The slumber of the dead. Yet let me ask,
And awful is the question, where, oh where
Are the bright minds that once to mighty deeds
The clay that now I tread above inspired?
Ha! 'twas a flash of fire! how bright it shone!
How soon it was no more! such is the life,
The transient life of man: a while he breathes,
Then in a little with his mother earth
Lies mix'd, and known no more. Even his own race
Forget his name; and should the sound remain,
Ah, let ambition sicken at the thought!
Dull as a twice-told tale it meets the ear.
Founders of states, their countries' saviours, lie
In dark oblivion: others only live
In fables wild and vague. Our hoary sires,
Who saw the wave of Marlborough's sword decide
The fate of Europe and her trembling kings,
Relate his actions as a monkish tale
Without concern: and soon the days shall come,
When Prussia's hinds shall wild adventures tell
Of Frederic and his brothers, such as oft
The British labourer, by winter's fire,
Tells to his wondering children, of the feats
Of Arthur and his knights, and Celtic wars.
Say, ye immortal sons of heaven, who rule

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
  The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
  And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
  Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
  The bat, low wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale
  The gothic abbey rears its sculptured towers;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
  Dark solitude among the pillars lours.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
  And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;
Where yon scathed poplar through the window waves,
  And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
  Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclined,
  Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
  Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
  A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
  Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
  Though, trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wallflowers creep,
  Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have [led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
  Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
  Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud delight;
  Now lost to them! and, ah, how changed to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
  The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon through these soft nodding [trees
  When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
  And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
  Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dyed:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
  These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
  To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
  Flames never to the' illiberal thought allied;
The sacred Sisters led where virtue glow'd
  In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys! [flows,
  Big with the scenes now pass'd, my heart o'er-
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
  And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
  Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
  When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
  Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
  And sainted well, have lost their cheering
    powers:

For thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh!
    where,
  Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
  Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
  The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untried
  Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;
  And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
  And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,
  The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
  Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here:

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
  The languid stranger feebly buds and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand,
  With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

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The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
  With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner, at midnight's darksome tide,
  With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
  In mental vision view the happy shore
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
  Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
  Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
  And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
  Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
  And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
  Still, oh, my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,
  And swell thy breast with visionary joy:

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
  In ancient days, the holy seers retired,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
  While rising ecstasies their bosoms fired;

Restored creation bright before them rose,
  The burning deserts smiled as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
  The flowery mountains sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
  Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
  What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There where the Cross in hoary ruin nods,
  And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
  And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones,

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn
  When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
  Messiah's Cross far blazing o'er the skies.

---

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

BUCHANAN.

THE balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
  And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
  Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
  The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
  And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the lovesick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love?
The songs of love, of innocence, and joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon full oft, in cheerful May,
The merry bridemaids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear,
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confused with woe,
Appears the Lady of the' aerial train,
Tall as the silvan goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis, by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook, a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twined,
'Tis Mary's guardian Genius lost in woe:
'Ah, say, what deepest wrongs have thus combined
To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow?

'Oh, stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
Your solemn rites! Here comes no foot profane:
The Muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye,
Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

'See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies!
Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these!
Ye nymphs who fondly watch her languid eyes,
Oh, say what music will her soul appease!'

'Resound the solemn dirge (the nymphs reply),
And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower;
Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
And melancholy wake her melting power;

'For art has triumph'd—art that never stood
On honour's side, or generous transport knew,
Has dyed its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
And o'er her fame has breathed its blighting dew.

'But come, ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits, come,
And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
While in this hallow'd bower we raise the tomb,
And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

'O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
Hers every charm, and every loveliest grace,
When Nature's happiest touch could add no more
Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

'Oh! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
Where creeping ivy shades the druid's cell,
Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow;

'Or, whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
Her silvery light o'er Esk's translucent tide;

'Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come!
Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

'And, come, ye fleet magicians of the air
(The mournful Lady of the chorus cried),
Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide:

'And let the songs, with solemn harpings join'd,
And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!'
She spoke, and waking through the breathing wind,
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began—'How bright her early morn!
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!
To wield the awful British sceptres born!
And Gaul's young heir her bridal bed ascends.

'See round her bed, light floating on the air,
The little loves their purple wings display;
When, sudden skrieking at the dismal glare
Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

'Far with the loves each blissful omen speeds,
Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan,
The bridal bed the sable hearse succeeds,
And struggling factions shake her native throne.

'No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
Mayst thou, O queen! thy lovely form display;
No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
Nor in Parisian bowers outshine the day.

'For the cold north the trembling sails are spread;
Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast
While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
Thy future woes in boding sighs confess'd[1]!

'A nation stern, and stubborn to command,
And now convulsed with faction's fiercest rage,
Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
And asks a bridle from thy tender age.'

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
Her native shore receives the mournful Queen:
November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
In hazy gloom the sea wave skirts the scene.

The House of Holy Rood, in sullen state,
Bleak in the shade of rude piled rocks appears;
Cold on the mountain's side, type of her fate,
Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough
O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign:
Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain.

[1] The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was sent to France to the care of her mother's family, the House of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated with all the distinction due to her high rank; and as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. and on the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young Queen to Scotland. She left France with tears, and the utmost reluctance; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke
  The high piled city rears her gothic towers;
The stern brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
  Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance lours[2].

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
  Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
Straight dark-brow'd factions entering in, destroy
  The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bower
  Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour[3],
  Enraged, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

'Ah! draw the veil!' shrill trembles through the air:—
  The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch[4] the fates prepare,
  The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel waved,
  Far from the couch offended Prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction raved,
  And roused her trembling from the fatal bed.

[2] These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local; yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

[3] Lord Darnley, the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

[4] Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled politician of great address.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears
  Instead of crooks the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
  And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick Field, deserted and forlorn,
  The beauteous Queen, all tears, is seen to fly;
Now, through the streets[5] a weeping captive borne,
  Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the woful scene;
  Again, forlorn, from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister Queen
  The lovely injured fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns the attempt in vain,
  Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears, and breaks affliction's chain:
  But, ah, no generous friend appears for thee!

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
  Deform'd the airy scenery as it pass'd;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
  Where every genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend[6]!
  'Ah, cease to tell it in the female ear!
A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!
  Oh, generous passion, peace; forbear, forbear!

[5] When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan seems to drop a tear when he relates these circumstances.

[6] This is according to the truth of history.

'And could, oh Tudor! could thy heart retain
No softening thought of what thy woes had been,
When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen?

'And could no pang from tender memory wake,
And feel those woes that once had been thine
No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake, [own;
For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

'Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew:
Dried were the tears which for thyself had
Dark politics alone engaged thy view; [flow'd;
With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd!

'And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command?
Did Honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
Ah!—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
And ever o'er her woes shall Pity bleed.

'The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
When first thy woful captive hours began,
Ere Heaven, ah, hapless Mary! set thee free,
That babe to battle march'd in arms—a man.'

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,
And hands half raised, the guardian wood-
nymphs wait;
While, slow and sad, the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the axe, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
  And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
  And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the Queen;
  She smiles on heaven, and bows the injured head:
The axe is lifted——From the deathful scene
  The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled—

It fled: the woodnymphs o'er the distant lawn,
  As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn,
  He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eyeballs roll'd,
  As Cuma's maid when by the god inspired;
'The depth of ages to my sight unfold [fired.
  (She cries), and Mary's meed my breast has

'On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
  Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
With sovereign pride, wherever roars the main,
  Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

'Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,
  Age after age, through lengthening time, shall see
Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
  And either India bend to them the knee.

'But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die!
  I see her death scene!—On the lowly floor
Dreary she sits; cold grief has glazed her eye,
  And anguish gnaws her, till she breathes no more.

But hark! loud howling through the midnight
gloom,
Faction is roused, and sends the baleful yell!
h, save! ye generous few, your Mary's tomb;
Oh, save her ashes from the baleful spell!

And lo where Time, with brighten'd face serene,
Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky;
e Truth walk forth, majestic awful queen!
And party's blackening mists before her fly.

Falsehood, unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train;
And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—
es, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
Of latest ages, injured Queen, are thine[7].'

he milky splendours of the dawning ray,
Now through the grove a trembling radiance
shed;
ith sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

[7] The author of this little Poem to the memory of an unppy Princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy recting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, at the following facts may be proved to demonstration:—e Letters, which have always been esteemed the principal oofs of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on ose authority Francis and other historians have condemned r, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and s cited against her public records which never existed, as s been lately proved to demonstration. And to add no re, the treatment she received from her illustrious cousin s dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian—a policy which mpled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and mority. From whence it may be inferred, that, to express the lignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must er inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unrthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.

# LIBERTY.

## An Elegy.

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC, LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

---

Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus.
VIRG.

---

THE woodlark wakes, the throstle hails the dawn,
The lambkins bleating pour along the green;
In festive pomp, advancing o'er the lawn,
The nymphs of Liberty surround their queen.

Embosom'd in a grove her temple rose,
Where oaks and laurels form'd a grateful shade;
Her walks adorn'd with every flower that blows,
Her walks where with the Loves the Muses play'd.

In awful state, on Parian columns raised,
With silver palms entwined, appear'd the throne,
In heaven's own colours, where the altars blazed
The glories of her reign illustrious shone.

The first of times their native joys display!
Beneath his vine the rural patriarch sleeps;
The cattle o'er the boundless common stray,
And nature one unblemish'd sabbath keeps.

There o'er the landscape dark ambition lours;
From council deep the awful patriots rise;
There sudden vengeance blasts the traitor's towers,
And prostrate in the dust the tyrant lies.

Here shone thy heroes, Greece, thy fathers, Rome,
  Ere Persian luxe your better times defaced;
But shone not all whose deeds your pride would plume,
  Here Brutus lour'd in shades ambiguous cast.

A gloomy horror there invests the skies:
  'Tis there your polish'd chiefs their trophies raise;
With mingled grief and rage the native eyes
  Wide o'er his fields the hostile standards blaze;

His wife, his altars, babes, and hoary sire,
  Rush on his thoughts—the battle fires his breast;
Thus glows, Caractacus, thy noble ire,
  With all the goddess in thy mien confess'd.

With holy mitre crown'd, and awful eye,
  There Mattathias frowns, and points the place
Where low on earth his country's altars lie,
  And bids his sons revenge the foul disgrace.

The barbed spears seem trembling in their hands,
  While ardour kindling in their eyeballs glows;
With sword half drawn the godlike Judas stands,
  And victory fires his soul, and marks the foes.

Fair o'er the rest the shrine of Alfred shone,
  From Gothic night the Muses guard his toils;
There juries sit; the Laws support his throne,
  And Freedom o'er the piece triumphant smiles.

High o'er the dome the festive standard flows,
  The nymphs obey the sign, and leave the dells
Where blooms the lilac, where the wild rose blows,
  Where hermit Peace with mild Contentment dwells.

Sublime as Pallas, arm'd with helm and spear,
(The tyrant's dread) the goddess march'd along;
Bare was one knee, one snowy breast was bare,
The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder hung.

Her woodland train in solemn pomp she led
(The Muse beheld them trip the sacred ground),
Fair freedom o'er their mien its graces shed,
Their brows with oak and purple blossoms bound.

The rocky cliffs and winding dales reply,
While to their queen they raise the votive strain;
'Wide o'er the world (they sung), from sky to sky,
Extend, O goddess, thy benignant reign.

'Though constant summer clothes the Indian soil,
Though Java's spicy fields embalm the gale,
Though Ganges sees unbidden harvests smile,
All, all these sweets without thee nought avail.

'The fainting native eyes with dumb despair
The swelling clusters of the bending vine,
The fruitful lawns confess his toilful care,
Alas! the fruits his languid hopes resign!

'On Tigris' banks still rise the palmy groves,
And still Euphrates boasts his fertile plains;
Ah! vain the boast—'tis there the murderer roves,
'Tis there wild terror solitary reigns!

'On Tadmore's site the lonely shepherd stands,
And as he views the solemn waste around,
With eager watch explores the Turkish bands,
And dreads the plunderer's rage in every sound.

Return, O queen, O patroness of joy!
With ancient splendour to thy Greece return:
gnoble slaves thy once loved seats destroy,
On Pindus thee the silent Muses mourn!

Nor Po's fair banks, nor Baia's sands invite;
Fallen Genius there her broken urns deplores;
Nor Gallia's fairest landscapes please the sight,—
Thy dictates exiled from her hostile shores.

But o'er the realms where thy mild influence beams,
O'er Britain's plains, the Muse delighted roves,
Delighted wanders o'er the banks of Thames,
Or rests secure in Clifden's rural groves.

There by the dawn, elate with lightsome glee,
The joyous shepherd and the hind are seen,
The voice of mirth, when evening shades the lea,
Heard loud and natural o'er the village green.

No tyrant there the peasant's field invades,
Secure the fold, his labour all his own;
No ravisher profanes his osier shades,
His labours wealth and independence crown.'

'Twas thus the chorus struck the Muse's ear
As through Elysian shades she sportive roved—
The British nymphs in mournful pomp appear,
The British nymphs to Freedom best beloved.

Loose to the wind their snow-white vestments flow,
The cypress binds their locks with darksome [green;
Yet grateful raptures mid their sorrows flow,
While thus with Frederick's praise they hail their queen:

'Twas not in vain thy dictates swell'd his breast,
'Twas not in vain he vow'd his heart to thee;
Fair midst thy heroes stands his name confess'd,
The friend of men, the patron of the free.

'Though cypress now his lowly bed adorns,
Though long ere eve at life's bright noon he fell,
Yet shall the song, oft as this day returns,
At Freedom's shrine his happy labours tell.

'The drooping spirit of a downward age
Beneath his smile with ancient splendour rose,
Corruption, blasted, fled his virtuous rage,
And Britain triumph'd o'er her bosom foes.—

'Oh! whether, sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the haunted dells of Mona glide,
Or brush the upland lea when Cynthia sheds
Her silver light on Snowdon's hoary side;

'Hither, ye British Muses, grateful come,
And strew your choicest flowers on Frederic's bier!
'Tis Liberty's own nymphs that raise the tomb,
While o'er her son the goddess drops a tear.

'Fair to his name your votive altars raise;
Your bowers he rear'd, to him your strains belong;
E'en virtue joins to gain the Muse's praise,
Him loves the Muse whose deeds demand the song!'

## On the Death

OF THE

## PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

1772.

ASPERSED by malice and unmanly rage,
Disgraceful stamp on this flagitious age,
In conscious innocence secured from blame;
She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's shame:
She saw her children throng their early tomb,
Disease slow wasting fade her Glo'ster's bloom!
She saw—but Death appear'd a friendly guest,
His arrow pointing to the realms of rest!
Calmly she views him, dauntless and resign'd,
Yet drops one tear for those she leaves behind.
Warm from the heart these honest numbers flow
Which honour, truth, and gratitude bestow.

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## EPITAPH

ON GENERAL WOLFE,

SLAIN AT QUEBEC, 1759; AGED 34.

BRITON, approach with awe this sacred shrine,
And if the Father's sacred name be thine,
If thou hast mark'd thy stripling's cheeks to glow
When war was mentioned, or the Gallic foe,
If shining arms his infant sports employ,
And warm his rage—Here bring the warlike boy,

Here let him stand, whilst thou enrapt shalt tell
How fought the glorious Wolfe, how glorious fell:
Then when thou mark'st his bursting ardours
And all the warrior flashing in his eyes, [rise,
Catch his young hand, and while he lifts it here,
By Wolfe's great soul the future Wolfe shall
Eternal hate against the faithless Gaul, [swear
Like Wolfe to conquer, or like Wolfe to fall.
What future Hannibals shall England see
Raised and inspired, O gallant Wolfe, by thee!

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## EPITAPH

### ON JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, R. A.

WHO DIED IN 1779, AT THE AGE OF 40.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
Pleased was each Muse, for full his honours
To bear his genius to its utmost shore, [spread:
The length of human days could give no more.
Oh, Mortimer! o'er thy untimely urn,
The Arts and all the gentle Muses mourn;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine.
Oh! long had thy meridian sun to blaze,
And, onward hovering in its magic rays,
What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fired moments of their bravest strife,
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!

So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness closed around.
Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the Artist's doom,
Thy friend, O Mortimer, in grief sincere,
Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wondrous art.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

## COMMODORE JOHNSTONE[1].

THROUGH life's tempestuous sea to thee 'twas given
Thy course to steer, yet still preserved by Heaven;
As childhood closed thy ceaseless toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
Thy country's cause thy ardent youth inspired,
Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fired;

[1] George Johnstone was one of the younger sons of Sir William Johnstone, Bart. Dumfriesshire, and early devoted himself to the seaservice. After passing through the subordinate stations, he was, on the 6th of February, 1760, appointed master and commander; and on the 11th of August, 1762, was advanced to be a captain in his Majesty's service. On the peace, which soon after succeeded, he was nominated governor of West Florida, where he resided for some time. Returning to England, he took a very active part in the affairs of the East India Company, particularly in opposition to Lord Clive. In 1766 he was supposed to have contributed very materially to a pamphlet, entitled, 'A Letter to the Proprietors of East India Stock, from John Johnstone, Esq. late one of the Council at Calcutta, Bengal,' 8vo; and in 1771, he is known to have written 'Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies, particularly respecting Bengal,'

All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow[2].
When dubious Peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted shade,
Thy active mind illiberal ease disdain'd;
Forth burst the senator unawed, unstain'd!
By private aim unwarp'd as generous youth,
Thy ear still listening to the voice of truth,
That sacred power thy bursting warmth control'd,
And bade thee at her side be only bold.
Nor toils of state alone thy cares employ'd;
The Muses in thy sunshine glow'd and joy'd.
When filial strife unsheath'd the ruthless brand,
And discord rioted on Salem's strand,
Thy hands to Salem's strand the olive bore,
Alas! denied—and liberal peace no more

8vo. In 1773 he was a candidate for the Directorship, in which he did not succeed. He was chosen into Parliament, through the interest of Sir James Lowther, for Cockermouth, and in 1774 for Appleby. In the course of his parliamentary duty, he threw out some reflections on Lord George Germaine (afterwards Viscount Sackville), which occasioned a duel between them on the 17th of December, 1770. He afterwards was named one of the commissioners to treat with America, and went there, but without success. In 1779 he resumed his naval employment, and distinguished himself by his bravery and conduct. He died May 24, 1787.

[2] The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He sent the first notice of the Spanish declaration of war in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the West Indies, in consequence of which the Havannah was taken. He sent also the first account of the sailing and destination for the West Indies of the grand Spanish fleet in 1780 to Admiral Rodney, then also commander on that station. In consequence of this intelligence, many of the Spanish transports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the West Indies retarded for that season.

Smiled on the crest of hope; thy country's weal
Again to action waked the patriot zeal;
Old Tagus saw the British red cross stream
O'er Gallia's lilies and the tawny gleam
Of proud Iberia's castles: Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's shores return'd[3]
Her Lisboan groans for British friendship spurn'd.
Again life's tempest-beaten ocean roar'd,
And round thy head the mists of faction pour'd;
Dark lour'd the storm; but Heaven's own light rose mild,
And rescued honour on thy death-bed smiled[4],
Soft shedding peaceful joy; the blissful sign,
That Heaven's forgiveness and its balm were thine.
All hail, sooth'd shade! The Muse that own'd thy care
Hails thee, and blesses Heaven that heard her prayer.
For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flourish, ever white its flowery bloom;
And Gratitude, oh Johnstone! round thy shrine,
And Friendship, heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath entwine.

[3] Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he sent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanha-bay in 1781.

[4] Alluding to the sentence against him in the cause of Captain Sutton being reversed by the House of Lords, the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

AN

## INSCRIPTION ON AN OBELISK,

AT LANGFORD IN WILTS,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF RADNOR, COMMEMORATING THE UNFORTUNATE FATE OF MR. SERVINTON, WHO WAS FORMERLY IN POSSESSION OF THAT ESTATE.

WHILE o'er these lawns thine eye delighted strays,
Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe;
Here stood the parent elm in elder days,
Here o'er its Lord slow waved the wither'd bough,
While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full low
On the rude turf in death's last swooning lay.

E'en now methinks his anguish'd look I see,
As by the menials taunted from the door;
Fainting he wander'd—then beneath the tree
Sunk down—sweet Heaven, what pangs his bosom tore,
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more,
He roll'd his dying eyes!—Ah! what compare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all thy hopes of joy, *oh fortune's child*, beware!

SACRED TO THE

## HEIRS OF RADNOR CASTLE.

O THOU whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
  The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,
With pensive eve here let thy steps retire,
  What time rapt Fancy's shadowy forms descend.

Hark! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
  What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
With festive fires the midnight windows blaze,
  And fever'd Tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis pass'd—the mansion owns another Lord,
  The ousted heir, so riotous erewhile,
Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
  Insulted by the baseborn menials' smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
  With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
  Unknowing where, on trembling knees and slow:

Till here, beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
  Fainting he sinks—Ah! let thy mind descry,
On the cold turf how low his humbled head,
  On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye.

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh,
  Oh, thou, of these proud towers the promised [heir,
By every manly virtue's holy tie,
  By honour's fairest bloom, oh fortune's child,
    beware!

# BALLADS.

## HENGIST AND MEY.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land,
The ladies loved so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they loved, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
Her mind was lost in love.

The Abbess saw—the Abbess knew,
And urged her to explain:
'O, name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I'll gain.'

Long urged, long tired, fair Mey replied,
  'His name—how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
  Has rapt my heart away.

'But once, alas! and never more,
  His lovely form I spied;
One evening by the sounding shore,
  All by the green wood side.

'His eyes to mine the love confess'd,
  That glow'd with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
  Bespoke his princely race.

'But when he heard my brother's horn,
  Fast to his ships he fled;
Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
  Still hovers round my bed.

'Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
  He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
  He leads the sprightly dance.

'His hair, as black as raven's wing:
  His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
  His lips like rosebuds glow.

'His limbs, his arms, his stature, shaped
  By Nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
  To love, and to command.'

The livelong year fair Mey bemoan'd
  Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
  And summer clothed the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber's side
  The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates
  The spearmen came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
  The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
  Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
  Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
  Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
  Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
  His lips like rosebuds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
  Has caught his piercing eyes:
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
  While big with love he sighs;

'Oh! thou for whom I dared the seas,
  And came with peace or war;
Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
  Relieve thy lover's care!

'For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
With thee the wilds explore:
Or with thee share the British crown;
With thee the cross adore.'

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So blushing through the dews of morn
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dewdrops, fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomanry
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts, and clang of arms,
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
  Assumed the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
  Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
  The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
  Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew
  Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well known cross
  On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
  His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
  To this, was mild desire.

On his imagined rival's front
  With whirlwind speed he press'd,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
  Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
  With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
  Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow dropp'd his spear:
  The reins slipp'd through his hand,
And stain'd with blood—his stately corse
  Lay breathless on the strand.

'O bear me off (Sir Elmer cried),
  Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
  I claim as victor's right.'

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
  And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
  The brave Sir Elmer led.

'O, wash my wounds, my sister dear;
  O pull this Saxon dart,
That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
  Has almost pierced my heart.

'Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
  And Britons, yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
  Their solemn feasts adorn.'

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest,
  'Oh, Merlin! (loud she cried)
Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
  Shall have a breathless bride!

'Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
  That low my Hengist lies!
O Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
  My brother bleeds and dies!'

She spake—the roses left her cheeks,
  And life's warm spirits fled:
So nipp'd by winter's withering blasts,
  The snowdrop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
  She lifts her languid eyes;
'Return, my Hengist, oh, return,
  My slaughter'd love! (she cries:)

'Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
  With all his grace he moves;
I come—I come, where bow nor spear
  Shall more disturb our loves.'

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
  Was drawn from Elmer's side,
And thrice he called his sister Mey,
  And thrice he groan'd, and died.

Where in the dale, a moss-grown cross
  O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
  Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
  With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
  Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there at dawn and fall of day,
  All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
  And sing their hapless loves.

THE

## PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming
  Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears and helmets gleaming,
  Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
  Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
  The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs, like torrents pouring,
  Edwin's horsemen rush'd along,
From the hills, like tempests louring,
  Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now protended,
  And the yew bows half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
  Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins, round her weeping,
  Waved aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood Queen Emma shrieking
  Ran between the dreadful bands:

'Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
  Bids you grasp the' unhallow'd spear!
Heaven detests the war fraternal:
  Oh, the impious strife forbear!

'Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

'O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dared for thee the fight.

'Edgar! shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field?
Oh, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

'Ha, what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?

'Ah, bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd,
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forests prowl'd;

'When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gored——
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword?

'With that sword shalt thou assail him
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee?

'Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear:
Shall revenge thy councils darken?
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

'Wisdom tells and Justice offers
How each wound may yet be balm'd:
Oh, revere these holy proffers;
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

'Oh, my sons'——But all her sorrows
Fired their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purple bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to heaven extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair:

'Ah, my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood,' she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—

'From that blood around you steaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Muster round the' offended skies.

'See what burning spears protended,
Couch'd by fire-eyed spectres, glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

'O'er you both Heaven's lightning volleys,
Wither'd is your strength e'en now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

'Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman,
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

'Ha, what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of Justice poising
High aloft the' eternal scales.

'Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

'Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile shower distils.

'But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

'O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hell and magic power,
Denmark towers on high her raven,
Hatch'd in Freedom's mortal hour.

'"Cursed be the day detested,
Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested,"
Through thy streets shall loud resound.

'To thy brother sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha, in settled darkness louring,
Now no more the visions rise!

'But thy rancorous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

'This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar!' loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk, and died.

# THE SORCERESS;

OR,

## Wolfwold and Ulla.

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Prisca fides. VIRG.

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'OH, low he lies; his cold pale cheek
  Lies lifeless on the clay;
Yet struggling hope—O dayspring, break,
  And lead me on my way.

'On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heaven!
  Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
Before my Wolfwold's spear be driven—
  O rise, bright morning hour!'

Thus Ulla wail'd, the fairest maid
  Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,
  While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden, o'er the fir-crown'd hill,
  The full orb'd moon arose;
And o'er the winding dale so still
  Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast
  Her anxious care delay;
But deep with hope and fear impress'd,
  She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
  She traced the dale so still;
And sought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
  Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
  With hemlock, fenced the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
  Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spied,
  Cold horror shook her knee;
'And hear, O Prophetess! (she cried)
  A princess sue to thee.'

Aghast she stood! athwart the air
  The dismal screechowl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
  Asunder burst in two.

Her robe of softest yellow glow'd
  Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs strew'd,
  Effused a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorceress spied,
  As in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour she tried
  A tomb-o'erpowering spell.

When, from the cavern's dreary womb,
  Her groaning voice arose,
'O, come, my daughter, fearless come,
  And fearless tell thy woes.'

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies;

So shook, so stood the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Loose hung her ash-gray hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue-flamed eyeballs glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her shoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning sear'd,
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view,
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

'And tell, my daughter, fearless tell
What sorrow brought thee here!
So may my power thy cares expel,
And give thee sweetest cheer.'

'O mistress of the powerful spell,
King Edric's daughter see,
Northumbria to my father fell,
But sorrow fell to me.

'My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
My father on him smiled:
Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
His pride the youth exiled.

'Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread,
And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
Their dreadful squadrons sped.

'Return, brave Wolfwold (Edric cried),
O generous warrior, hear;
My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
Awaits thy conquering spear.

'The banish'd youth in Scotland's court
Had pass'd the weary year:
And soon he heard the glad report,
And soon he grasp'd his spear.

'He left the Scottish dames to weep;
And, wing'd with true love speed,
Nor day, nor night, he stopp'd to sleep,
And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

'With joyful voice, and raptured eyes,
He press'd my willing hand;
"I go, my fair, my love (he cries),
To guard thy father's land.

"By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
The daring foe we meet,
Ere three short days I trust to lay
My trophies at thy feet."

'Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
  And three long days beside,
Yet not a word from Edon's shore
  Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

'O mistress of the powerful spell,
  His doubtful fate decide;'—
'And cease, my child, for all is well
  (The grisly witch replied).

'Approach my cave, and where I place
  The magic circle, stand;
And fear not aught of ghastly face,
  That glides beneath my wand.'

The grisly witch's powerful charms
  Then reach'd the labouring moon,
And, cloudless at the dire alarms,
  She shed her brightest noon.

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
  That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepest nook betray'd
  An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
  Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
  The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless, a huge and starved toad sat
  In corner murk aloof,
And many a snake and famish'd bat
  Clung to the creviced roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
  A yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling still each others bones,
  The strife of death display'd.

'And now, my child (the Sorceress said),
  Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
To me shall render up the dead,
  And send him to my cave.

'His skeleton shall hear my spell,
  And to the figured walls
His hand of bone shall point and tell
  What fate his son befalls.'

O cold, down Ulla's snowlike face,
  The trembling sweatdrops fell,
And borne by sprites of gliding pace,
  The corpse approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
  Waved o'er the skeleton;
And slowly, at the dread command,
  Up rose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
  The finger wander'd o'er,
Then rested on a sable bier,
  Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly writhes her mouth so wide
  And black the Sorceress throws,
'And be those signs, my child (she cried),
  Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes.

'A happier spell I now shall try;
  Attend, my child, attend,
And mark what flames from altar high,
  And lowly floor ascend.

'If of the rose's softest red,
  The blaze shines forth to view,
Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
  The glimmering flame of blue!'

The witch then raised her haggard arm,
  And waved her wand on high;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
  Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground;
  Her hands aloft were spread,
And every joint, as marble bound,
  Felt horror's darkest dread.

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
  Were now as violet pale,
And, trembling in convulsive throes,
  Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
  Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
  Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
  And, glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the floor,
  A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
  Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
  The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
  His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through his hand appear'd
  That beckoned her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woful shade;
  Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
  And down she sunk, and died.

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## CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
  The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
  And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
  (The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
  That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester (she cried), is this thy love,
  That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
  Immured in shameful privity?

'No more thou comest with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear (stern earl) 's the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

'If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised;
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?

'And when you to me first made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit;
Then left the blossom to decay.

'Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are dead.

'For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What floweret can endure the storm?

'At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That eastern flowers that shame the sun
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

'Then, earl, why didst thou leave the bed
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gaudes are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

'But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

'Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

'Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

'The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

'The simple nymphs, they little know
  How far more happy's their estate—
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
  To be content—than to be great.

'How far less bless'd am I than them!
  Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
  Divided, feels the chilling air.

'Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy
  The humble charms of solitude!
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
  By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

'Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
  The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
  Countess, prepare—thy end is near.

'And now, while happy peasants sleep,
  Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to sooth me as I weep,
  Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

'My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
  Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
  Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
  In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
  And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
  In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
  And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
  An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
  Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
  The oaks were shatter'd on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
  That hapless countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
  Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
  Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
  Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
  Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
  And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
  The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall!

# SONGS.

## THE SHEPHERD IN LOVE.

WERE Nancy but a rural maid,
  And I her only swain,
To tend our flocks in rural mead,
  And on the verdant plain;
Oh, how I'd pipe upon my reed
  To please my only maid,
While from all sense of fear we're freed
  Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
  And clouds do black the sky,
Then to our oaken safe retreat
  We'd both together hie:
There I'd repeat my vows of love
  Unto the charming fair;
Whilst her dear fluttering heart should prove
  Her love like mine sincere.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
  And flocks are pent in fold,
Beneath an oaken tree we'd rest
  In joys not to be told.
And when Aurora's beams set free
  The next enlivening day;
We'd turn our flocks at liberty,
  And down we'd sit and play.

## THE LINNETS.

As bringing home the other day
  Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
  For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
  I sprung across the mead,
In vain they tuned their downy throats,
  And warbled to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove
  In which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love
  When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gazed, I loved, I press'd her stay
  To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain, she fled away,
  Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wounds that love had made
  Came pity to my breast,
And thus I, as compassion bade,
  The feather'd pair address'd:
'Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
  Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
  Am caught as well as you.'

## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are you sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think of wark!
Mak haste, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread
When Colin's at the door!
Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There is nae luck at aw;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa.

And gie to be my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
'Tis aw to pleasure my gudeman,
For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fire side,
Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw,
It's aw to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae, &c.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk
  Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare;
And mak the table neat and clean,
  Let every thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa.
                Ah, there's nae, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like cauler air,
His very foot has music in't
  As he comes up the stair!
And shall I see his face again,
  And shall I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.
                For there's nae, &c.

[The caul blasts of the winter wind,
  That thrilled through my heart,
They're aw blawn by, I hae him safe,
  Till death we'll never part:
But why should I of parting tauk,
  It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw[1].]
                For there's nae, &c.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave—
And gin I live to keep him sae,
  I'm blest aboon the lave.

[1] These lines enclosed between brackets were inserted by Dr. Beattie.

And shall I see his face again,
And shall I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae, &c.

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## ESKDALE BRAES[1].

By the banks of the crystal stream'd Esk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines,

Maria, disconsolate maid,
Oft sigh'd the still noontide away,
Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
While woful she tuned her love-lay;

Ah, no more from the banks of the Ewes
My shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm[2] and the Deansbanks refuse
To echo the plaints of his song:

[1] The scene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Esk; on the banks of the former was anciently a castle belonging to the Knights Templars, on the ruins of which was built the house at which Mr. Mickle's father resided, and where the poet was born. It was composed at the request of Mr. Ballantyne, and was to have been set to music by Mr. Commissioner Balmaine, of the Scotch excise, had not death prevented him. Both these gentlemen were born in this district.

[2] The seat of John Maxwell, Esq. author of the celebrated 'Essay on Tune;' Deansbanks, so called from the Dean of the Knights Templars.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear;
No more the tired lark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah, woe to the wars, and the pride
Thy heroes, O Esk, could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh, why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore?
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar.

Ah, methinks his pale corse, floating by,
I behold on the rude billows toss'd;
Unburied his scatter'd bones lie,
Lie bleaching on some desert coast!

By this stream and the May-blossom'd thorn,
That first heard his love tale, and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the wars will I wail,
In Warblaw[3] woods join the sad throng,
To Hallow E'en's blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, ungraved, glide along.

[3] The skirts of this very picturesque mountain form a bank for the Esk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
  Old Esk still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
  And still green, oh Broomholm, are thy bowers!

No: blasted they seem to my view,
  The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
  And mix their sad ditties with mine!

Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,
  All nature seems with me to mourn,
Straight the village bells merrily play'd,
  And announced her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
  The silver streams murmur new charms,
As, smiling, her Jamie drew near,
  And all eager sprung into her arms.

# ODES.

## MAY DAY;

OR,

### THE DRUIDICAL FESTIVAL.

'AWAKE, my sons, the milky dawn
Steals softly gleaming o'er the eastern lawn:
Already from their oaken bowers,
Scattering magic herbs and flowers
That scent the morning gale,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
From every hill and dell around,
The Druids hasten to the sacred vale.'

'Twas thus the hoary Cadwell raised the strain;
Cadwell, the master of the lyric band,
The sacred Bards, who join'd the Druid's train,
When solemn feasts their hallow'd rites demand.

'Awake, my sons,' he cried, and struck his lyre:
When swelling down old Snowdon's side,
A thousand harps the note reply'd:
And soon a thousand white-robed bards
March'd round their hoary sire.

The birds of song in every grove
Awoke, and raised the strain of love;
The lark sprung joyous from his grassy nest,
And, fluttering round, their powers confess'd,
And join'd the tuneful choir.

And now the mutter'd spell
Groan'd solemn to the sky:
And soon the dark dispersing shades
And night's foul demons with the twilight fly:
And soon the bleating race the fold forsook,
And o'er the thyme-clad mountain hoar with dew,
And o'er the willow shaded brook
The floating mists withdrew.

When hastening to the sacred grove,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
Their mystic staves with wreaths of oak enwove,
The choral bands their sovereign chief surround.

'Twas thus while yet Monaeses lived,
While hoary Cadwell yet survived,
Their solemn feasts the blameless Druids held:
Ere human blood their shrines distain'd,
Ere hell-taught rites their lore profaned,
'Twas thus o'er Snowdon's brow their sacred anthems swell'd.

Their chief, Monaeses, march'd before;
Monaeses, sprung from Heber's line,
Who, leaving Midian's fertile shore,
When scepter'd Belus challenged rites divine;
When tyranny his native fields defaced,
Far to the peaceful west

His kindred led—Phœnicia spread the sail,
  Till where the groves of Albion rise,
  Where Snowdon's front ascends the skies,
He bade his mates their happy mansions hail.

  And now the sacred Morn appears,
  That through the depth of rolling years
To celebrate creation claims the lay;
  The Morn that gave the heavens their birth,
  That saw the green, the beauteous earth
All blooming rise beneath the smiles of May.
  'Then loud the hallow'd anthem raise,
  And bid the mountain summits blaze'—
The hallow'd song the Bards and Druids raised,
    Glad echo caught the sound,
And on the mountain tops far round
    The sacred altars blazed[1].

    'And, hail, auspicious Morn!
  Still may the lively pulse of joy
    Confess thy glad return;
  Still may the harp and song employ
The sacred hour when first thy trembling beams
  The nodding groves and purling streams
    And shady grots adorn.'

'Twas thus the hoary Druids raised the song,
  While by the sacred hill and grove,
  Where mistletoe the oaks enwove,
All clad in snowy white, august they march'd
      along.

[1] May Day by the Druids, according to Dr. Stukeley, was observed as the day of the creation; and on that morn they kindled what they called holy fires on the tops of the mountains.

The fawns came trooping o'er the furrow'd land,
On Snowdon's cliffs the kids attentive stand,
While to Creation's Morn, the opening May,
The Master Druid thus resumed the lay:
'Awake, ye gales, your fragrance shed;
Ye mountain cedars, bend the head;
Ye clouds of incense, from Arabia rise;
Balmy, as after vernal rains,
Display, fair East, thy beauteous plains,
As one great altar fuming to the skies!
'Tis nature's birth demands the lay,
Ye western isles, the grateful tribute pay;
Ye flocks, that clothe with fleecy white
The steep ascending mountain's height,
Or round the hamlet bleat along the lea,
Your voices raise;—ye heifers, low;
And from the furzy dells below,
Ye falling rivulets, swell the harmony!

'Retain, ye hills, the solemn sound
Till Echo through her fairy round
Repeat it to the silent listening vale:
Raise, raise, ye bards, the melody,
Wide spread the hands, low bend the knee,
And on Creation's Morn the great Creator hail!'
'Attend (they sung), ye aerial bands—
O from the blood polluted East,
Hither, ye guardian spirits, haste!
Here each flower of fragrant smell,
Each plant that aids the Druid's spell
Your fostering care demands.

'For you the blossom'd boughs embower
The craggy glittering steep,
Along whose rifts the cowslips creep,
And dashing fountains pour:

For you the sweetbriar clothes the bank,
For you, along the bordering mead,
The white and yellow flowers, that love the dank,
Their watery carpets spread.
O, come, propitious, and our rites befriend,
Till o'er the nodding towers the silent night de-
O, join the song, and far shall fly [scend!
Each demon, who beneath the midnight sky
Rides on the screechowl's wing, and far around
Scatters disease, and strife, and friendship's rank-
ling wound.

'Then happy o'er our blissful bowers
Here shall the peaceful day decline,
While, fled from scenes of blood and woe,
The' aerial friendly powers
In every stream's melodious flow,
In every concert of the grove, shall join;
Shall lightly touch the shadowy lyre,
While with the dawn our joyous choir
Renew the holy rites from heaven received,
When with the sons of God our godlike fathers
lived.

'Wave, my sons, the mistletoe:
Wave the sacred branch on high:
Round our steps the spring flowers strew,
Flowers of bright and cheerful dye,
Symbols of untainted youth,
Of glowing love, and holy truth.

'Strew, my sons, the mystic grove.'
He spake—and instant round they spread
Chaplets, where the yellow hue
Was mix'd with flowers of lively blue
Where snow-white lilies with the blossoms red,
The apple boughs enwove.

'All hail, ye venerable shades!'
Thus rose the hallow'd strain,
'Ye cloudy steeps, and winding glades,
All hail! and by your silver rills,
Your rosy dells, and thymy hills,
"Shall lasting freedom reign."'

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## VICISSITUDE.

—RAPT in thought that bids thee rise
In all thy forms before mine eyes,
I glow with joy to see thee come
In rosy health and youthful bloom:
And now cold horror trembles o'er my soul,
When thou, in blank uncertainty array'd,
With iron-hearted deaf control
Throw'st all around thy awful, dubious shade.

Oh, give my song, mysterious power,
The joys and terrors of thy sway to tell,
Thy sway o'er universal nature spread,
The sweetest hope of man, and darkest dread!
Behold, where shivering in the rattling hail,
While drizzling black clouds o'er him lour,
Bent o'er his staff, with livid visage fell,
Dull Winter stays his creeping step to pause,
And wishful turns his icy eyes
On April's meads. Beckoning on flowery May,
With gentle shadowy hand thou movest away
The lingering churl. Swift o'er the primrose dale
The new-waked bee his humming labour plies;
And sudden from each budding grove
Incense to heaven, the songs of love,
Attest rejoicing Nature's glad applause.

Glistening with dew the green-hair'd Spring
Walks through the woods, and smiling in her train,
Youth flutters gay on cherub wing,
And life exulting lifts the eye to heaven.
And crown'd with bearded grain,
And hay grass breathing odours bland,
Bold Summer comes in manhood's lusty prime.
Anon his place is given
To veteran Autumn: yellow glows
His waving robe: with conscious mien sublime
He proudly lifts his sun-brown'd brows
High o'er the loaded clime.
For him the full-orb'd moon with orange rays
Gilds mild the night; for him her course delays;
And jolly wealth lies wide beneath his hand.
But soon decrepit age he shows,
And all his golden honours past,
Naked before October's blast,
He flies the plunder'd land.

With hoary-bearded cheek and front severe,
Of angry fretful scowl, from forest wild,
Now rheum-eyed Winter hastens to the plain;
The hollow blast low groaning in his ear,
Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain;
And soon his snowy mantle wide he throws
O'er vale and hill, and icicles he weeps.
The sun withdraws his golden rays,
And short his cold diurnal visit pays
With faint and silvery beam,
As listless to disturb the deep repose,
While languid nature sleeps.
Anon to social mirth beguiled,
Safe from the tempest breme

That howls without, and beating rain,
The tyrant bids the friendly hearth to blaze;
And with the feats of former days,
Of battles dread, and hêroes slain,
And valiant deeds of many a knight,
And loves of ladies passing bright,
The long-contented evening sweet he cheers;
While from his day-sport on the ice-bound stream,
Weary return'd, with wonder and delight,
Unrazor'd youth the various legend hears.

These are thy grateful changes, mighty power,
Vicissitude! But far more grateful still
When now from nature's frozen sleep profound,
Invigor'd vegetation wakes,
And Spring with primrose garland crown'd,
The seeds of plenty o'er the fuming ground,
From her green mantle shakes.

# FRAGMENTS.

TELL me, gentle Echo, tell
Where and how my lover fell?
On the cold grass did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave swift reply,
'Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did die.'
His snow-white breast was stain'd with gore,
A cruel sword his bosom tore.
Say, with his parting vital flame,
Did he sigh Ophelia's name?
Was he constant, still the same?
Echo sigh'd 'Ophelia's name.'
When in honour's bed he lay,
And breathed his gallant soul away,
Ye gentler spirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo answer'd her despair,
'Why was not Ophelia there?'
While the full moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill-side lay,
Thus to Echo through the glade
The lovely maniac talk'd and stray'd:
Straight on fancy's wild wings borne
By the glimpse of opening morn
She saw—or thought she saw, her love
Lie bleeding * * * * *

COME, gentle peace, on every breathing gale,
O, come, and guard the slumbers of the vale;
Awake, gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landscape smile!

---

'UPBRAID me not, nor thankless fly
The grace I would bestow
(Sir Cadwal sat in window high,
King Edward stood below);

'But friendly to thyself receive
The bounties I intend;—
A knight among my knights to live,
And be my table friend.'

'Yestreen, at midnight's solemn hour,
When deep the darkness lay,
I rose my orisons to pour
Before the opening day:

'When horrid yells my ears astound,
And screams of dismal cry,
Echo'd from every hill far round,
Howl on the winds and die,

'And wake again:—And far and wide
With yellow glimmering light,
The scatter'd flames on every side
Strike horror on the sight.

'Ah! what a scene the sun survey'd,
When o'er yon lake he rose!
Our villages in ashes laid,
And prone in dust our brows;

'Our manly brows, form'd to command,
Low bend beneath thy rage:
Insult me not—from thy dire hand
No offering can assuage!'

'Unbar, proud Cadwal,' Edward cried,
'Unbar thy gates of steel——'

* * * * * * *

Black rose the smoke with dust inflate,
And red sparks darted through;
With brain benumb'd, and faltering gait,
King Edward slow withdrew.

The gilded roofs and towers of stone
Now instant all around,
With sudden crash and dreadful groan
Rush thundering to the ground.

Sir Cadwal's harp his hand obey'd,
He felt a prophet's fire;
And mid the flames all undismay'd,
He struck the sacred lyre.

* * * * * * *

---

ON HIS

## BROTHER'S DEATH.

HENCE, ye vain nymphs, that in the Aonian shade
Boast to inspire the fancy's raptured dream!
Far other powers my wounded soul invade,
And lead me by the banks of other stream.

Ye, that beheld when Salem's bard divine
On Chebar's willows hung his silent lyre,
While Judah's yoke and Zion's ruin'd shrine
Did every thought with bleeding woe inspire,

From Siloe's banks, or Carmel's lonely dells,
O, come, ye angels of the melting heart;
O, come, with every generous pang that dwells
In friendship's bitterest, tender, bleeding smart!

Still to my eyes the dear loved form appears,
But, ah! how changed; the prey of fell disease!
Cold gleams the eye, the cheek pale langour wears,
And weakness trembles in the wasted knees.

Ah! what dear plans with future action fraught[1],
With beauteous prospect rose in friendship's eye!
And must, O Heaven! can nature bear the thought?
Must these dear views like morning shadows fly?

Yes, Nature weeps, and Virtue joins her flame,
And mourning o'er the woes herself inspired,
Repeats the friend's, the brother's, sacred name,
And fondly views each scene herself desired.

Yes, friendship cannot quit her darling field,
Still bids each hope display its fairest bloom,
Then sickening sees each promised joy withheld,
And sink with Cassio to the dreary tomb.

* * * * *

[1] His brother was then going to settle as a bookseller in London, on a very desirable footing, when his illness happened. "And his firmness of disposition and superior abilities (says Mickle) would have rendered him eminent. By his death (he adds) I have lost what I must ever lament, I have lost the tender satisfaction of seeing my literary labours of service to the best of brothers."

— As the acorn's germ,
:t in all its branchy pride, contains
ıture oak that soon shall brave the sky;
lded up in all its godlike powers,
n that mourns the future angel lies:
;h imperfection mark his every power,
very virtue, and his every joy;
'here a native dignity of mind
ıure sincerity, that fertile soil
blest virtues, join, conspicuous there
ng tendency to worth divine
ull perfection glows.

* * * * * *

# MISCELLANIES.

## ALMADA HILL.

### AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

Advertisement.

THOUGH no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental: but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages, the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke

of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins show it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus below and opposite to Lisbon is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea, which, it may be allowed, was natural to the translator of the Lusiad; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country from the

rock of Cintra to the castle and city of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic ocean.

---

WHILE you, my friend, from louring wintry plains,
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the sun to play on Isis' stream;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread,
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleased from the threatening tempest to retire,
And join the circle round the social fire;
In other climes through sun-bask'd scenes I stray—
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
The genial influence of the clime I taste;
Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In every scene my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.
While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,

What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
Low fallen and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foresee.
—Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
Beat down of late by Albion when it gored
Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
Beneath the world's great foe, the' insidious Gaul;
Yes, not from these the' immedicable wound
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
Destined alone to touch her mortal part;
Herself is sick, and poison'd at the heart.
O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes
The gallant deeds of ancient days arise;
The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd
By Isis' hallow'd stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death devoted[1] band,
While Lisboa, awed with horror, saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led;

[1] The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. 'On the next day, when

And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive Muse's visionary fires;
Almada-hill to English memory dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here.
  To ancient English valour sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to English valour given,
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the Cross subdued,
When Lisboa's towers were bathed in Moorish blood
By Gloster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field,
Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.
  Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lours,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders. Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
Its western edge; where dimly disappears
The' Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The towerlike summits of the mountain shore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs, that coldly throw
Their sable horrors o'er the vales below.

the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to Heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death.'

*Introduct. to the Lusiad.*

'ar round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
ts giant arms, and sealike wide extends
ts midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valour still renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
And still their lord his English lineage boasts,
From Rolland, famous in the croisade hosts.
Where seaward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in every glen arise
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white[2]
Climb o'er the steeps, and through the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads,
Wildly magnific, o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high piled base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.
Here, while the sun from Europe's breast retires,
Let fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,
Pursue the present, and the past restore,
And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.
Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, disdain
The' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.

[2] The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the sun.

While Italy, obscured in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store,
Iberia's fields, with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners, woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untraced in every landscape lie.
Here every various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw [awe,
In lightnings wrapp'd; and, thrill'd with sacred
Through Greece the tales of gorgons, hydras spread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of Lethe [3], and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They mined the mountain, and explored the field;
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove;
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Bætis' flood
Were dyed with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,

[3] The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua:* 'Fabulosus Oblivionus fluvius Limia, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione.' It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the river of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odys. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

When from the Pyrenè's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lour'd.
  Here while the youth revolves some hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to Freedom dear,
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus[4] proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steep'd in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bathed in honour's generous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good re-
Still pouring fresh the' inexpiable stain [vere;
O'er Rome's patrician honour false and vain!
  Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallow'd fire;
If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice,
O'er Evora's[5] fields let dread Sertorius rise,
Dyed in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs revenged, illustrious let him ride
Enshrined, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
Till Rome looks pale beneath the mounting blaze.
But let the British wanderer through the dales
Of Evora stray, while midnight tempest wails;
There, as the hoary villagers relate,
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,
Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife:

[4] This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history.

[5] Ebora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as stings each leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious leader in his turn,
Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.
And say, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say, who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood;
Alas! full oft, some worthless trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,
While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!
If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
That bear the title of our country's cause;
To humanize barbarians, and to raise
Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
If these delight, Hispania's dales display
The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
Here jealous Cato[6] laid the cities waste,
And Julius[6] here in fairer pride replaced,
Till ages saw the labours of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
Hers mighty bards[7], and hers the sacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.
When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debased in false refinement nerveless lay,
The northern hordes on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and frivolous stray'd,

[6] According to history, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.

[7] Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

A sordid group the Belgian marshes pleased,
And Saxony's wild forests freedom seized,
There held her juries, poised the legal scales:—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The pensive lover sought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
The softest dreams of languishing desire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
Till rapt devotion to the fair refine
And bend each passion low at honour's shrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worship of the fair with valour fraught.
Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home,
He rose a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
The tender fair reclines with fondest trust:
With nature's finest touch exulting glows
The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
Of danger then assumed the dearest charms.
What for the fair was dared or suffer'd bore
A saintlike merit, and was envied more;
Till, led by lovesick fancy's dazzled flight,
From court to court forth roam'd adventure's knight;
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd scars

Of arduous battles for their country fought,
Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
All wild and fever'd; and each peaceful shade,
With batter'd armour deck'd, its knight display'd,
In soothing transport, listening to the strain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;
Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire,
When knights and ladies chaste, relieved from
Hold love's high holiday in bower and hall. [thrall,
'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
Till by the Muses arm'd, in all the ire
Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's knight; and sudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
When health returning smiles from vernal skies.
But turn we now from Chivalry diseased,
To Chivalry when honour's wreath she seized
From Wisdom's hand. From Taurus' rugged steep,
And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
As wolves, wild howling from their famish'd den,
Rush'd the devouring bands of Saracen:
Their savage genius, giantlike and blind,
Trampling with sullen joy on humankind;
Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to the' Atlantic wave:
In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
And human liberty expiring groan'd
When Chivalry arose:—her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
Where patience watch'd, and steadfast purpose
frown'd,
Mix'd with devotion's fire, she darted round,

Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
The Cross she bore, and proudly to the field [fired,
High plumed she rush'd; by honour's dazzling
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspired
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning volleys, on the crested power
Of Saracen she wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide wasting giant prostrate lay.
Let supercilious Wisdom's smiling pride
The passion wild of these bold days deride;
But let the humbler sage with reverence own
That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boasts an impulse uncontrol'd
By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fired at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
Palmela's[8] hill and Cintra's summits tell
How the grim Saracen's dread legions fell!
Turbans and scimitars in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:
Yes, let the youth whose generous search explores
The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
Let him as wandering at the Muse's hour
Of eve or morn, where low the Moorish tower,
Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments gray,
Let him with joy behold the hills around,
With olive forests and with vineyards crown'd,

[8] 'Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits'—are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso the First about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece! amid the towers
Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lours:
Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
And whence these woes debasing humankind?
Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclined,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd the' imperial head:
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardour, dared the horrors of the field.
The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open stood:
Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's[9] plains;
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mahomet's chains:
Vain was the hope the north might rest unspoil'd;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the sated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds the' Iberian tore
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array

[9] The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France,

> When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia———

MILTON, *P. Lost.*

lacken'd o'er Tago's banks. As Sagrez[10] braves
nd stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
› braved, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
ıe southern bulwark of Europa's lands.
ıch were the foes by chivalry repell'd,
nd such the honours that adorn'd her shield.
nd ask what Christian Europe owes the high
nd ardent soul of gallant chivalry,
sk, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply!
As through the pictured abbey-window gleams
ıe evening sun with bold though fading beams,
› through the reverend shade of ancient days
leam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
ıt let not glowing fancy as it warms
'er these, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
›rget the stern ambition and the worth
f minds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
ıat worth which roused the nation to explore
ld Ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore.
By human eye untempted, unexplored,
n awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd:
s to the fearful dove's impatient eye
ppears the height untried of upper sky;
› seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
ıvolved and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
s eagles fixing on the sun their eyes, [skies,
ırough gulfs unknown explored the morning
nd taught the wondering world the grand design
f parent Heaven, that shore to shore should join
› bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
nd Ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

[10] The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Viseo, ıided and established his naval school, is on the southern rt of Portugal, opposite to Africa.

And here, my friend, how many a trophy woos
The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse!
Here bids the youthful traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and polish'd show;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;
Those arts which raised that race of men who shone
The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's naval school its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope, evanish from the shore;
Sees from the silken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plumed with conquest, proudly bring
The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
Ah, Heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on!
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lours
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.
Broad was the firm-based structure, and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:

On justice and benevolence he placed
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies graced
Its mountain turrets; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerk[11] renown'd its generous pride.
The injured native sought its friendly shade,
And India's princes bless'd its powerful aid;
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
Rose the dread demon of Tyrannic Power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
And counsel deep, she seized and foul profaned.
Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To lust of gold and self-devotion base;
Deceitful art the chief's sole guide became,
And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye mark'd its prey,
Soon through the rocks that cross'd his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull, fiercely he stumbled on,
Till low he lay, dishonour'd and o'erthrown.
Others, without his valour or his art,
With all his interested rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
And undermined and rent the mighty pile;
Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore:
Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
Its fallen turrets desolation spread;
And from its faithless shade in horror fled
The native tribes—yet not at once subdued;
Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood;

[11] Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the history of Portuguese Asia.

A Nunio's justice and a Castro's sword
Oft raised its turrets, and its dread restored.
Yet, like the sunshine of a winter's day
On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
A tyrant race, who own'd no country[12], came,
Deep to intrench themselves their only aim;
With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
With the unhallow'd rage of gain accursed;
Against each spring of action, on the breast,
For wisest ends, by Nature's hand impress'd,
Stern war they waged; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread to fix their cruel throne.
The wise and good, with indignation fired,
Silent from their unhallow'd board retired;
The base and cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
Submiss to every insult smiling bow'd.
Yet while they smiled and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
Till secret art assumed the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
Closed the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injured native, and the foe
From Belgia lured by India's costly prey,
Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay;
And lies in desolated awful gloom,
Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

[12] Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia, and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother-country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
Vas ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost:
)n Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
ι soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race arose;
)f lofty boastful look and pompous show,
'riumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
'et wildly starting from the gaming board
ιt every distant brandish of the sword;
ιlready conquer'd by uncertain dread,
mploring peace with feeble hands outspread:—
uch peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
uch peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
ιnd the wide empires of the east no more
'our'd their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.
Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast
)f human pride! how soon is empire lost!
'he pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
ly one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
ιnd shall the Briton view that downward race
Vith eyé unmoved, and no sad likeness trace!
ιh, Heaven! in every scene, by memory brought,
Ty fading country rushes on my thought.
From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
'ibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
'urn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
'hat mighty scene of history's shame and praise.
Iethinks I hear the yells of horror rise [skies,
'rom slaughter'd thousands shrieking[13] to the

[13] Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of isbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in lood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven om Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasuez, a tailor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, deyro, the queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence,

As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore [gore.
Roll'd their dire chariot-wheels through streams of
Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;
I hear the triumph of a nation's joy[14],
From bondage rescued and the foreign sword,
And independence and the throne restored.

Hark, what low sound from Cintra's rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock the' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah, Heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
Bring light; and Lisboa smoking in the dust
Lies fallen.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still show the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, clothed in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;

the Bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505 between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships, then in the river, says Osorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

[14] When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls[15] are seen
In savage hovels, where the tapestried floor
Was trod by nobles and by kings before:
How like, alas, her Indian empire's state!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet time points forward to a brighter day:
Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
A loftier brow, and mien of promise high;
Points to the river shore, where wide and grand
The courts of commerce and her walks expand;
As an imperial palace[16] to retain
The universal queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleased she hears the groaning oar resound;
By magazines and arsenals mounded round,
Whose yet unfinish'd grandeur proudly boasts
The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
And bids the Muse's eye in vision roam
Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.
Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
To Tago's empress stream superior praise;

[15] This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail-cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gipsies of England.

[16] The *Praza de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
By Nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,
The sealike port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.
When from the sleep of ages dark and dread,
Thy genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
And soon to wondering childhood sprightly rose;
And when to green and youthful vigour grown
On Tago's breast she fix'd her central throne;
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with storms on storms;
Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
She gives the venturous and returning sails:
The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold:
Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast,
Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves caress'd;
And Afric woos and leads her easy way
To the fair regions of the rising day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.
When Heaven decreed low to the dust to bring
That lofty oak[17], Assyria's boastful king,
'Deep (said the angel voice) the roots secure
With bands of brass, and let the life endure,

[17] See Daniel, iv.

For yet his head shall rise.'—And deep remain
The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign;
Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And say, while ages roll their lengthening train,
Shall Nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
Has boldly promised the returning day
Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime
Lost by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
Now heaven-taught science and her liberal band
Of arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
Beneath the smiles of a benignant queen
Boast the fair opening of a reign [18] serene,
Of omen high.—And Camoëns' ghost no more
Wails the neglected muse on Tago's shore;
No more his tears the barbarous age [19] upbraid:
His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy shade

[18] Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, in May, 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. The author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

[19] Camoëns, the first poet of Portugal, published his Lusiad at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of Books V. and VII. of his Lusiad, he severely upbraids the nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died, neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavouring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

Beheld the' Ulysses[20] of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
The hero's brows, he weaves the' Elysian crown,
What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
And patriot heroes, in the' Elysian bowers
Shall hail Braganza! Of the fairest flowers
Of Helicon, entwined with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain,
That long his toil unfinish'd may remain!
  The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces humankind,
To see a nation rise! But ah, my friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
With ample powers from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
Through sunken rocks and ravenous whirlpools toss'd,
Each power to save in counter action lost,
Where while combining storms the decks o'er-[whelm,
Timidity slow falters at the helm,

[20] This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also traveled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extensive knowledge of history and science.

The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
By faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspired and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate forebodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demigods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung,
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again resume its generous fires:
No future day may such fair frame restore:
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more!

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## STANZAS,

### ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF BOTANY.

SAY, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies;

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combined,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind?

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble floweret there.

'The flower you seek (the nymph replies)
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

'Tis now the downward withering day
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dogstar's ray
Has shed his fiercest rage.

'Yet search yon shade, obscure, forlorn,
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primrose blows.'

---

## SONNET.

PLATO was closed; mine eyes no more awake;
But Plato's lore still vision'd round my head:
Meseem'd the Elysian dales around me spread,
Where spirits choose what mortal forms to take:
'Mine be the poet's eye; I crowns forsake.'
Sudden before me stood an awful shade;
On his firm mien simplicity array'd
In majesty, the Grecian bard bespake:
He thus: 'Bright shines the poet's lot untried;
Canst thou than mine to brighter fame aspire!

High o'er the' Olympian height my raptures tower'd,
Each Muse the fleet-wing'd handmaid of mine [ire;
Yet o'er their generous flight what sorrow plied,
While freezing every joy Dependence lour'd!'

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## SONNET

### ON PASSING THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, NEAR LISBON,

WHERE CAMOENS IS REPORTED TO HAVE CHOSEN HIS STATION, WHEN AGE AND NECESSITY COMPELLED HIM TO BEG HIS DAILY SUSTENANCE.

OFT as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant, stood,
Fancy his injured eld and sorrows rude [look
Brought to my view. 'Twas night: with cheerless
Methought he bow'd the head in languid mood,
As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watch'd. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear;
But whence that flood of light that bids them rear
Their lofty brows! From thy neglected strain,
Camoëns, unseen by vulgar eye it flows;
That glorious blaze to thee thy thankless country owes.

## STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

FAIR was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the god display'd:
All heaven approved it ere Minerva stole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

So Shakspeare's page, the flower of poesy,
Ere Garrick rose had charms for every eye:
'Twas Nature's genuine image wild and grand,
The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, Nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burst into a flame;
Each part new force and vital warmth received,
As touch'd by Heaven—and all the picture lived.

---

ON THE

## DEATH OF DAVID HUME.

SILENCE! ye growling wolves and bears,
And hear the song of Russell[1]:
Hark! how upon Parnassus' hill
This bard kicks up a bustle.

He calls the Muses lying jades;
A pack of venal strumpets;
And reason good; for none of them
The death of David trumpets.

[1] Russell's Elegy on the Death of David Hume.

But say—shall Shakspeare's Muse bedew
  This David's leaden urn?
Or at his tomb, O Milton! say,
  Shall thy Urania mourn?

Shall gentle Spenser's injured shade
  For him attune the lay?
No: none of these o'er his cold grave
  Shall strew one sprig of bay.

For him, the modern Midas, these
  No grateful chaplets[2] owe;
Yet shall his friends with proper bays
  Adorn his heavy brow.

For him shall Russell rant and rave,
  In hobbling rumbling lays;
And Smith[3], in barbarous dreary prose,
  Shall grunt and croak his praise.

[2] See Hume's character of Spenser, &c. in his History of England.

[3] Adam Smith, LL.D. wrote an apology for the life of Hume.

# IMITATIONS OF SPENSER.

## SYR MARTYN:

### A POEM, IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

#### Advertisement.

THIS attempt in the manner of Spenser was first published in 1767, since which time it has passed through some editions, under the title of The Concubine; a title, which, it must be confessed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the Poem. It is now more properly entitled Syr Martyn, and the author is happy to find that the public approbation of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name so much to advantage.

The first publication was not accompanied with any prefatory address, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader solicited. To solicit candour for the poetical execution he still declines, for taste is not to be bribed; but perhaps justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

It is an established maxim in criticism, 'That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem.'

The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world: to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the writer which alone must render it striking. Yet, however he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was at least the purpose of his poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, that the subject of a poem should be *one*; that every part should contribute to the completion of one design, which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet, in attaining this unity of the whole, the necessary regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent critic, 'As there must needs be a connexion, so that connexion will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together in his own mind what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnexion.'

If therefore the delineation of the character of the man of birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at

once lost to the public and himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following argument:

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character —in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings, in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the author will only say, that the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

# SYR MARTYN.

## CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of pleasures faerie land,
Where virtues budds are blighted as
By foul enchanters wand.

AWAKE, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
And, fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake! [gale,
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmond's[1] mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mulla's plaints renew.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy naiads once possest,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothed the gentle brest
Of haplesse Spenser: long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowsie patrons smyles decoy'd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloy'd,
The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoy'd:

[1] The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was some time the residence of Spenser, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the Faerie Queene.

Enjoy'd each wish; while rapt in visions blest
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest,
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse bard supine;
Oh, happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awed, mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where Spenser strung his
shell,
The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops; still from her moss-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
And round your Spenser ever gladsome play!
Oh, come once more! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick
scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud cities rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

Towerd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wilding boughs;

On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Maye's sweete morne a fragrant grove dis-
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose; [play'd,
From whence a reverend Wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps: for here me seem'd
I stray'd.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flow'd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye, [glow'd;
Meint with heaven's lightning, social mildnesse
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie:
Such winning grace as age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the wi-
thering rose.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely tyed his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceal'd and half reveal'd his vest,
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queene's bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

'Younkling, (quoth he) lo, where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies;
The path of blustering fame and warlike ire,
Of scowling powre and lean-boned covetise,
Of thoughtlesse mirth and folly's giddy joys;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.'
He said, and to the field did straight his arm extend.

'Well worthy views, (quoth I) rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripen'd fruit will bear:
Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
To see the shoots of vertue shrink and die,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works such villainy, [try.'
To tell, O reverend seer, thy prompt enchantment

'Ah me! how little doe unthinking youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, (quoth he) my bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where dissipation's cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the wizard's saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will waire against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde spright,
From pleasures servile bands release the luckless wight.

'This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick eyes [scene
Was view'd from hence. Thus, though the rural
Has by a thousand artists pencil'd beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire beseene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

'In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight'—
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a goodlie baronie;

Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood [wood.
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the

'How sweetly here, (quoth he) might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn.

'The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
Howhappy here with Woodstock's laughing swain[1]
And Avon's bard[2] of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the dasie-whiten'd plain, [train.
When fancy's sweetest impe Dan Spenser joins the

'Ne to Syr Martyn hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed;
Such happiness bloom'd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was form'd each joy to taste,
From him, alas! dear homefelt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embraced;
Where all seem'd flowrie gay, he found a drery
waste.

[1] Chaucer. [2] Shakspeare.

'Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse sauntering through the elm-fenced
green,
He with his book beguiled the closing day,
The dairy maid hight Katherine frisk'd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wish'd the lemmans part to play:
Nathlesse, unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enter'd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

'Right plump she was, and ruddie glow'd her cheek,
Her easie waste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curl'd down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye,
With wanton merrimake she trips the knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and
bye.

"I ween, (quoth she) you think to win a kiss,
But, certes, you shall woo and strive in vain."
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell: but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and 'haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse boy did look:
With cunning smyles she view'd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Katherine then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

'Fleet pass'd the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestow'd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceived his dangerous toy,
And sore she fear'd her auncient familie

Should now be stain'd with blood of base degree:
For, sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

'But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemed to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
And Katherin's bale in wondrous wrath she vow'd:
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent.'

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he waved,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet laved,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day:
Here Katherin him approach'd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touch'd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie the' enamour'd boy reviles.

Amazed the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultering oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
'What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.'
'And need, (quoth she) need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me! [tie.'
Left to your aunt's fell spight, and wreakfull cruel-

'My aunt! (quoth he) forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,'
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubber'd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, 'Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell
to thee.'

Ythrill'd with horror gaped the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
'And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? Housekeeper shalt thou be'—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied, [bride.
And Katherin was as blythe as ever blythesome

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scorn'd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallin's blood debased in Kathrin's line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up, rare cordial broths to make,
And cocker'd thee so kind with many a daintie
cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:

But whither will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching days declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

'Ah! (says the Wizard) what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamed before,
The' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poison, brew'd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to
blight.

'So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamed he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restrent,
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent, [spent.
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports un-

'Now fly the wassal seasons wing'd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy; [flee;
The spring's green months ycharm'd with cocking
The jolly horce-race summers grand employ,
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy;
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

'Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hang many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale; [pale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

'Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

'While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
As youthful spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitch'd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

'Her end accomplish'd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,

As, what were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimed with snuff in tawdrie gown she
went, [jolliment.
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her

'As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings:
The more he flutters still the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall: ne can he brawling shun,
For Katherin was his thorne and birdlime both in
one.

'Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her
sides, [divides.
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame

'On the greene banck a truant schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her merry play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,

The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies, [prize.
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless

'Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rock, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

'Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomed the retourning ray,
When by the rivlett's bancks, with blushes coy,
April walk'd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise [prize.
Have left him now, involved, his lemman's hapless

'See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural elegance had placed
Her sweet retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefaced
Received new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgraced
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snow'd with washing suds now yawns beside
the dore.

'All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie coucumbers on dung recline the head.

'The fragrant orchard, once the summer's pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or, where the clear canal stretch'd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they [brede;
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

'The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strew'd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of nature's steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moss-floor'd filbert bowres had beene, [cleane.
Is now a turnip field, and cow yarde nothing

'An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives Thrift,
All this devised for trim oeconomie;
But certes ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:

Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

'Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet sparing though she beene her guestes emong,
Aught by herself that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

'Dear was the kindlie love which Katherin bore
This crooked ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise [ill:
The knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment
Eke versed in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchased still.

'His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest-feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,

ey march'd to church each Sunday of the year,
eir imps yode on afore, the carles brought up
the rear.

h, happy days! but now no longer found:
more with social hospitable glee
e village hearths at Christmas tide resound,
more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
r morrice daunce, nor May-daye jollitie,
nen the blythe maydens foot the dewy green;
t now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
d hopelesse care on every face is seen,
these the drery times of curfeu-bell had been.

or everie while, with thieflike lounging pace,
d dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
ttering some words with serious meaning face,
d on the church dore he would fix their name;
en, nolens volens, they must heed the same.
d quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires
plowd [with fame,
r since black Edwards days, when, crown'd
om Cressie field the knights old grandsire
prowd [allowd.
l home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe

ut now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
neath the gripe of laws stern rapine fall,
e friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
thdraws to some poor hutt with earthern wall:
d these, perdie, were Katherins projects all:
r, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full sore
ch sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
ough he had pledged his troth, yet nathemore
note he keep, except she will'd the same before.

'Oh, wondrous powre of woman's wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
Not Circe's cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo, manly sense, of princely dignitie,
Witch'd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-brow'd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

'Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deffly can;
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains; [chains.
So toils the powrelesse knight beneath his servile

'His lawyer now assumes the guardian's place;
Learn'd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleased Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyn's propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just claim.

'Now mortgage follows mortgage: cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The knight's gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;

While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall.'
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obey'd
his call.

'See (quoth the Wizard), how with foltering mien,
And discomposed yon stranger he receives;
Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

'A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyer's cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat grief, and pale disease. The poor man's wrong
Affects the knight: his inmost hart's desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confused, and
stung [his tongue.
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards

'See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and 'haviour shy
He steals the look to read his lemman's will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy,
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even pity turns her tear-dew'd eye,

Eke had he seen, with dimond-glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus' stream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appeares the
milky way.

'Through the Columbian world, and verdant isles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped:
Eke had he beene where flowery sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spred,
Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the north the sun of noone is seene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama sail'd, there had he beene,
Gama[3], the dearling care of beautys heavenly
queene.

'Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Neârch young Ammon's fleet did
A task so dred the world-subduing host [guide;
Could not another for such feats provide:
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but the immortal gods had ever spy'd;
Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote see it more als he the gods did
pray[4].

'Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil, [fire,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the battel's
Through cold, through heat, cheer'd by the hope
Of yet revisiting his natal soil: [the while

[3] See the Lusiad.

[4] For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius.

And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Æthiopia's coast or Java's isle,
When glauncing over ocean's bosom pale, [sail:
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie

'Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spred wing unmoved, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdon's brow prepared to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the boy;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendship's glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrived his heart dilates with joy.

'Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in mery childhoode play'd:
But all was changed!—Unweetingly dismay'd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest:
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrest.

'Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
Then, sobbing deepe, "Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne (she gently said),
But what mishap! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathed, are laid in deadly plight:
What shall we do!—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenant's house to night;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should fright."

'Blunt was the boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowman's cares,
When from his rural sportes arrives the knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amazed the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

'Late was the houre whenas the knight was tould
Of stranger guest: "Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there?" quoth he. "Perdie, what would
You seek?" says to the boy the messenger.
"To see the knight, (quoth he) I but requere."
"Syr knight, he scornes to come;" the servant said.
"Go, bid him still (quoth he) to welcome cheer:"
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflamed the boy; and still his rage they fed.

"Your brother (quoth the hostesse) soon will waste
His faire estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast."
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impower'd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrin's mind gave wondrous great content.'

## CANTO II.

---

In museful stound Syr Martyn rews
His youthedes thoughtlesse stage;
But dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

---

WITH gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resumed—'As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May, [new
While through the openings many a lawnskepe
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a banck and bowre close following
still our cue.

Soothed by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;
Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hybla's bees rooved through a wilde
so sweet.

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so sweet.

'As winds the streamlett surpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-streak'd skyes
A shatter'd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The she-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wander'd young, the call each banck replies.

'Here oft the knight had past the summer's morne
What time the wondering boy to manhood rose,
When fancy first her lawnskepes gan adorne,
And reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young transport through the spirits flows,
When nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,
While wing'd with whirlwind speed the thoughts explore
The endlesse wylde of joys that youth beholds in store.

'The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinth's bell,
For him employ'd their virtue-breathing powres,
And Cambria's genius bade his worth excell:
His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warm'd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour join.

'Of these loved soothings this the loved retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
"Oh lost to peace (he sighs), unhappy boy!
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!"
"Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!"
The' aerial genius of the cave returns, [mourns.'
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive naiad

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
'See, (quoth the Wizard) where the knight bestows
An houre to thought, and reasons whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest Shame 'gins fayne
In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

'His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
"How oft hast thou (she cries) indignant view'd
The titled cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endew'd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of fame:

"Who to the patron's lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear [fire,
Those arts that quencht prowd Rome's patrician
And bow'd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! befitting patriot peer!

Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!
Such arts as soothed the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall;
When Freedome bled unwept, and scorn'd was
Glory's call.

"While these thy breast with scorn indignant fired,
What other views before thee would disclose!
As fancy painted and thy wish inspired
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannia's guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smyling on their learn'd repose,
Sees manly genius in their influence smile, [the ile.
And spread the hallow'd streames of virtue round

"How blest, ah Heaven! such selfe-approving
houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where friendship sheds her purest fire;
And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame! As lorn the spendthrift stands,
Who sees the fieldes bequeath'd him by his sire,
His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire honours fertile lands."

'Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclined
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
The' ideal scene would hold a moments sway,
And the domestick houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie
Where married love bids light his purest fires, [ray
Where elegance presides, and wakes the young
desires.

'Straight to his brawling lemman turns his mind;
Shock'd he beholds the odious colours rise, [bined,
Where selfishnesse, low pride, and spleen com-
Bid every anguish'd thought his mate despise,
His mate unform'd for sweete affection's ties
Groveling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;
But soon his passion bursts with sudden start:
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant
smart.

'The mother's basenesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest:
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crown'd with oake, with meadow flowres
ydrest,
His British chaplet, buxom summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the
smyling plains.

'Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old gray towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still lengthening show their crowded
charms,
In fayre perspective and in richest guise:
His sweeping scythe the white-sleeved mower
plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders
seeme.

'See, now the knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Æol's blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witch'd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid crash on All-Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
Now aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains
repose.

'Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
There stretch the corney fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight; there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise;
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonelie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

'Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appeares the frequent sail
By traffick spread. Moor'd where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre-ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

'Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gazed the knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his soul—"Oh, glorious happy care!

To bid Britannia's navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

" With what superior lustre and command
May stedfast zeal in Albion's senate shine!
What glorious laurells court the patriots hand!
How base the hand that can such meed decline!
And was, kind fate! to snatch these honours mine?
Yes! greene they spred, and fayre they bloom'd for [me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine;
Oh, lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy country never turn'd her hopeful eyes to thee.

" Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chily's earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the plowman's toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannia's plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads:
What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds, [heads:
And bids the useful artes exalt their drooping

" Who, founding on the plough and humble loome
His country's greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannia's fleet! how long shall pity mourn
And stain thy honours? from his weeping bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

"Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His bride's distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
And let the brave man's wrongs, let interest plead;
Say, while his arme his country's fate decrees,
Say, shall a father's anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty deed?

"Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
O thou reserved by Heaven's benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the land be free;
Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
And shall that palm unenvyed still remain!
Yet hear, ye lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribe sustain,
Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours vain."

'While thus the knight's long smother'd fires broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the north
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears:
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray;
Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds, Away!

'Now han the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confused, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explored the scent:
But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
How both the bancks he traced, then backward ply'd [sprong aside.
His track some twentie roods, then bounding

'Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, harkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred:
He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

'The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain;
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds, and boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
Till plonging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

'Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound;

His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The pack attonce rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hang many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
Whiles weltering on the sward his breath and
strength expire.

'Straight to Syr Martyn's hall the hunters bend,
The knight perceives it from his oak-crown'd hill,
Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perch'd prowdlie on the topmast spray,
The sootie blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While twilight spreads his robe of sober gray,
And to their bowres the rooks loud cawing wing
their way:

'And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam; while on the distant east
Led by her starre, the horned moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends; while trembling on the dappled west
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy peace assumes her woodland
sway.

'All was repose, all but Syr Martyn's brest;
There, passion's tearing gusts tempestuous rise:
"Are these (he murmurs), these my friends! the
best
That croud my hall! the sonnes of madning noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies?

Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,
Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy,
And on my crimes even then their base tongued witt employ:

"Whose converse, oft as fulsom baudrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of impiety,
The sceptick's wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of philosophy
Made drunk; the cavil, the detected lye,
The witt of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
Which honest dullness would with shame deny:
The hope of baseness vaumpt in candour's air:
Good Heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth repair!

"The man of worth shuns thy reputelesse dore;
Even the old peasant shakes his silver'd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled!"
Here indignation paused, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends;
Waked at the sight, his brother's wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends:
And now the keene resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

'Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine,
My knight should rise the flowre of chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannia's genius should his Sabra bee,

Chain'd to the rock by dragon to be slain;
But he the virgin princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathless on the plain;
Bribery, the dragon huge, should never rise again.

'Eke should he, freed from foul enchaunter's spell,
Escape his false Duessa's magicke charms,
And folly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous lady to his arms,
While bardes and minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall:
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, served up by Seneschall, [hall.
To knights and ladies gent, in painted bowre and

'But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of humain frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of phantasie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where Dissipation once has fixt her footing sure.

'Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestow'd
On this faire nymph; the legend thus is told:
To Dian's care her life her mother owed;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peasant's babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen springtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow and huntresse spear,
And of her woodland traine her made a welcome
fere.

THE NATOR LIBRARY

MICKLE.

Beneath a leafy Vine the nymph reclin'd

Drawn by J. Thurston. Engraved by Agar.

Published April 9. 1806. by John Sharpe.
Piccadilly.

ut ill her mind received chast Phœbe's lore,
n would she at the chace still lag behind:
a sultry noone, as Phœbe sped afore,
neath a leafy vine the nymph reclined, [wind!"
d, " Fan my breast (she cried), oh western
m at the wish'd-for word Favonius came,
m that day forth the conscious nymph declined
near inspection of the sovereign dame;
mid the chace, one morne, her throes be-
tray'd her shame.

er throes with scorne the taunting dryads eyed,
nymph changed colour, and hung down her
head; [cry'd:
till change thy blushing hue," the goddess
thwith a freezing languor gan invade
r limbs; and now, with suddein leaves array'd,
Russian poppey she transmew'd remains:
various colours ever rise and fade,
tints still shifting mock the painter's pains;
d still her drowsie mood the beauteous nymph
retains.

eanwhile, his newborn elfe Favonius bore,
t lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
d with the fawns, by Peneus' flowry shore,
m earliest youth the laughing imp did play,
ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
d restlesse, as the dove Deucalion sent
spy if peering oake did yet bewray
braunching head above the flooded bent;
ydlie beating round, the day in vain was spent.

hen now the nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
fayre Parnassus' groves she took her flight;
re, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
l did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;

As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight:
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From inspiration's fount that ever doth distill.

'Her sprightly levitie was from her syre,
Her drowsy dulness from her mother sprong;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long;
Thus as she slightly roved the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
And call'd her Dissipation: "Wylde and young
Still shalt thou be (he said), and this thy fate,
On man thy sleights employ, on man that prowd ingrate.

"All happinesse he claims his virtues' due,
And holds him injured when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies;
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it thine to spred before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze."

'So swore the god; by Gloomy Styx he swore:
The Fates assented, and the demon flew
Right to the seats of men. The robe she wore
Was starr'd with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head play'd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the swaynes with wonder view,

And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous
meteor strays.

'So shone the nymph, and prankt in pleasure's
guize
With wylie traines the sonnes of earth besett;
Goodnesse of heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
And still behind her march Remorse and Shame,
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the fiend resigns her thralls to them:
Sad case, I weet, where still oneselfe oneselfe must
blame.

'Long had the knight to her his powres resign'd;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped
To contemplation's bowre, his sight she fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide, [wide.
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatter'd

'And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth deceiver gan his heart assail;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre:
Old Cambria's genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the flamen's
prayer.

'The dryads of the grove, that oft had fired
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspired,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
Forsake him now; for all as lost they deem:
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

'As when the' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen, besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But still the younkling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor quail.

'Yet still the queint excuse is at command;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitter'd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the knight his mind still satisfye:
A lazie fiend, Self-Imposition hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright:
God help the man bewitch'd in such ungracious plight.

'On Dissipation still this treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due;
And still to Discontent's accursed gates,
The house of sorrow, these ungodly two,

Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The knight resolved, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
And now these demons of the captive mind
Him to the drery cave of Discontent resign'd.

'Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay:
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning seem'd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the captives grieved
sore.

'All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred;
Here sat a throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowsie dronkards, looking black and red,
Dozed out their days: and by the pathway green
A sprightlie troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen; [ween.
Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butterflies I

'And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the cave they wend with sullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
The dronkard sitts; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftlesse heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his friend's heart gore, in woefull cace
The duellist raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazed with his vaine pursuits, the maniack bends
his head.

'Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
All that he wish'd, or fear'd, his ghastlie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie:
And there, self-doom'd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold horror gleams athwart the' unhallow'd shade.

'Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The keeper of the cave all haggard sate,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas frett:
All with himselfe he seem'd in keen debate;
For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He look'd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mourn'd full sore his sores to view.

'Yet not himselfe, but Heaven's great King he blamed,
And dared his wisdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphemed,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild self-pity would his eyes distain;
As when a wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce selfe-pity still this wight's dire portaunce crown'd.

ear by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
ere, in the silver age, Content did wonne;
s now was his; yet all mote nought avail,
loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
ever through his neighbour's lawns would run,
ere every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie seem'd,
h was this weary wight all woe-begone;
h was his life; and thus of things he deem'd;
l suchlike was his cave, that all with sorrowes
teem'd.

this fell carle gay Dissipation led,
l in his drery purlieus left the knight.
m the dire cave fain would the knight have fled,
l fain recall'd the treachrous nymphe from
now the late obtruder shuns his sight, [flight:
l dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
ere listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
ransient visit sometimes would he gain,
ile wine and merry song beguiled his inward
pain.

et, ever as he rear'd his slombering head,
ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near;
l ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
d words that would his very heartstrings tear:
e now, (he sayes) where setts thy vain career;
proching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
fruitlesse autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
l aged winter asks from youth its stay;
thine comes poore of joy, comes with unho-
nour'd gray.

hou hast no friend!—still on the worthlesse
traine
kindnesse flow'd, and still with scorne repaid;
n she on whom thy favours heapt remain,

Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the planter of his negroe deems;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

"Thy children too! Heavens! what a hopeless
sight!
Ah, wretched syre!"—but ever from this scene
The wretched syre precipitates his flight,
And in the bowl's wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while what he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present:
So pass his dayes, while still the raven Spleen
Croaks in his eares, "The brightest parts, misspent,
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and discontent."

'But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruin'd mayd,
Ye who unmoved can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the parent's head,
And rends that easie heart by you betray'd,
Boast not that ye his numerous woes eskew;
Ye who unawed the nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;
For worthy is he still compared, perdie, to you.'

# GLOSSARY.

*Accloyd*, disgusted, cloyed
*Adred*, frightened. Anglo Sax. *adrædan*
*Agone*, ago
*Albee*, although
*Als*, also
*Arread*, interpret
*Attonce*, at once, together
*Atweene*, between
*Ay*, always

*Bale*, harm, sorrow
*Beene*, frequently used by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *to be*
*Beseene*, becoming
*Blin*, cease, blinnan. Sax.
*Brede*, to knit, plait, *bredan*

*Carle*, old man
*Certes*, certainly, truly
*Chorle*, a peasant
*Clept*, named, called
*Covetise*, avarice

*Dan*, a prefix, *quasi*, Mr.
*Dearling*, darling
*Dearnly*, sadly, secretly
*Defly*, neatly, finely
*Depeinten*, figured, displayed
*Dight*, adorned, clad
*Dreare*, dismal, frightful

*Eftsoons*, by and by, forthwith
*Eke*, also
*Eld*, age
*Elfe*, young one, child
*Erst*, formerly
*Eyen*, eyes

*Fay*, fairy
*Faytor*, villain, deceiver
*Fere*, companion
*Forby*, beside, near to
*Fordone*, undone, ruined
*Forefend*, to guard beforehand
*Fray*, tumult, bustle
*Frayd*, afraid

*Geer*, furniture, tackle
*Gent*, fine, noble
*Gin*, *gan*, begin, began
*Glen*, a dell, a hollow between two hills
*Goody*, a countrywoman

*Han*, preterite plural of the verb *to have*
*Heare*, hair. Often used by Spenser

*Hight*, called, is called, was called, or named
*Hoyden*, slattern, coarse

*Imp*, infant, child
*Jolliment*, merriment

*Ken*, v. to see
*Knare*, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd.*

*Leache*, physician
*Lemman*, mistress, concubine
*Lever*, rather
*Lewdly*, basely, foolishly
*Liefest*, dearest

*Malengines*, persons villanously employed, toad-eaters
*Meint*, mingled
*Merrimake*, pastime
*Mery*, pleasant
*Moe*, more
*Mote*, v. might, *mot.* Sax.
*Murk*, dark

*Nathemore*, not the more
*Nathlesse*, nevertheless, *nathless.* Sax.
*Native*, natural
*Ne*, nor
*Nolens volens*, willing or unwilling

*Perdie*, an asseveration, *quasi*, verily
*Piersant*, piercing
*Portaunce*, behaviour, manner

*Prankt*, adorned
*Propine*, recompense

*Quaid*, quelled, conquered
*Quight*, to quit, leave

*Read*, to warn, to prophesy
*Recks*, heeds, cares for
*Requere*, require. Often used by Spenser
*Rew*, to repent
*Ruth*, *ruthless*, pity, pitiless.

*Salews*, salutes
*Sall*, saddle
*Semblaunce*, appearance
*Seneshall*, master of ceremonies, steward
*Sheen*, bright, shining, fine
*Shent*, disgraced, *scende*, *scendid.* Sax.
*Skyen*, adj. sky
*Sooth*, *soothly*, truths, truly
*Stownd*, *stowre*, emotion, fit, stir, *seyrian.* Sax.
*Straine*, tenor
*Sues*, pursues, follows

*Teen*, grief, sorrow
*Thewes*, habits, manners
*Thilk*, this, that
*Traines*, devices, traps
*Transmewd*, changed, transformed
*Treachor*, traitor, deceiver
*Troublous*, troublesome

*Vild*, vile

*Uneath*, not easy, difficult

*Wareless*, unsuspecting
*Wassal*, festive
*Ween*, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed
*Wend*, move, go
*Weet*, much the same as *ween*
*Weetless*, thoughtless
*Whilom*, formerly *hwilum*. Sax.
*a Whitt*, a jot, any thing, a *hwit*. Sax. *aliquid*
*Whyleare*, erewhile, *hwilæn*. Sax.

*Wight*, person, *wiht*. Sax.
*Wilding*, the crab-tree
*Wonne*, to dwell
*Wreakfull*, revengeful

*Yblends*, mixes
*Yblent*, blinded
*Ybrent*, burnt
*Yclept*, called, named
*Yfere*, together
*Ygoe*, formerly
*Yode*, went
*Youthede*, *quasi* youthhood
*Youthly*, lively, youthful
*Ypight*, placed, fixed
*Ywis*, truly, verily

The letter *y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *n* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, *eyes*, &c.

ON

# THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

## A Fragment.

### IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER[1].

'HENCE, vagrant Minstrel, from thy thriving farm;
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the Sloggard's bower thy ill earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chanting sooths their ear,
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs ungraff'd sour wildlings bear,
And o'er the ill fenced dales with fleeces torn,
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

'Such ruin withers the neglected soil
When to the song the ill starr'd swain attends—
And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem!
Who poisons thus the fount should drink the poison'd stream.'

'And is it thus (the heart-stung Minstrel cried,
While indignation shook his silver'd head),
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle Bard upbraid?

[1] From the Introduction to the English Lusiad.

And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn?
While listless drooping in the languid shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must mourn,
Though in his hallow'd breast Heaven's purest
ardours burn!'

Yet how sublime, O Bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'Tis thine to humanize the savage breast,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combined
Wide through the land thy forming power displays:
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus'
rays.

When Heaven decreed to sooth the feuds that tore
The wolf-eyed barons, whose unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair Muse; Heaven bade on Avon's
shore
A Shakspeare rise, and sooth the barbarous age:
A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats assuage—
At distance due how many bards attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of heaven
descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallow'd power,
To hear, unmoved, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The Muse neglected in her wintry bower;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade
Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head.—
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, foredoom'd in time to fade,

Shall these be vaunted o'er the' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by
age?

And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour!
Ah, no! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: in vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
The year no more restores the shortlived joy;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands
employ.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has closed his strain: and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given—But clothed in heaven's own
light
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptured music of each deathless line:
For death nor time may touch their living souls
divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire!
Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakspeare's flame of ever burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as Heaven's dread energy,
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

# TRANSLATIONS.

## PSALM LXVIII.

### Paraphrase.

THE MAJESTY, THE POWER, THE JUSTICE, AND MERCY OF GOD.

ARISE, O God, assume thy might!
  Shall proud oppressors still unawed devour,
Still trample on the poor man's right,
  And lewdly scorn thy power?

  When roaring from the western deep
    The black-wing'd tempests rush,
  When o'er the hills with headlong sweep
    The inundations gush;
As then the whirling chaff is driven,
    So swept away shall be
All who despise the laws of Heaven,
    Nor honour pay to thee.

  But, O ye just, with rapture raise
  Your cheerful voices in his praise;
  With sacred awe and holy mirth
Resound the God of heaven and earth;

The God whose mercy knows no end,
The poor man's and the widow's friend,
  The helpless orphan's sire;
Who round the meek afflicted just,
Though crush'd and humbled in the dust,
  Is still a wall of fire.

When thou, O God, didst march before
Thy people to the promised shore,
  Then shook old Earth:—The sky
  Shot lightnings from on high;
The rapid Jordan bared his bed,
The Ocean saw his God and fled,
The lofty cliffs of Sinai nod
And tremble at the presence of their thunder
    God.

The Lord Jehovah gave the word,
  And loud the tribes resound,
And mighty kings and mighty hosts
  Lay scatter'd o'er the ground:
Dispersed as snow in Salmon's plain
So fell, so lay the mighty slain,
And with their purple spoils are crown'd
  The tender virgin train.

Thousands of angels at thy gate,
  And great archangels stand,
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
  Great Lord, thy dread command!
Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
  With godlike honours clad,
Captivity in captive chains
  Triumphing thou hast led.

That thou mightst dwell with men below,
  And be their God and King,
From Bashan and the land of woe
  Shalt thou thy people bring:
From Bashan and the desert shore
To blooming fields, and cities fair,
While sacred songsters march before,
And Jacob's princes faint no more,
  Shalt thou the way prepare.

Lo! Egypt's kings and wisest men
  Shall bend the duteous knee,
And Ethiopia, wide and great,
Through all her vast extended state,
  Shall stretch her hands to thee.

But, awful Sovereign! who can stand
Before the terrors of thy hand,
When thy right hand impends the blow
To strike a proud obdurate foe?
Yet to thy saints, O God of prayer,
  How mild thy mercies shine!
The tenderest father's ardent care
  But ill resembles thine:
Thy mercies far, oh, far above
Thy other wonders shine,
A mother's ever watchful love
  But ill resembles thine!

## EPITHALAMIUM.

### Written in Hebrew by Abram Depas,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JACOB FRANCA, ESQ. TO MISS ABIGAIL D'AGUILAR, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE BARON D'AGUILAR.

THE voice of joy this happy day demands;
  Resound the song, and in our God confide:
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom stands,
  In all her beauty shines the lovely bride.
O, may their joy still blossom, ever new,
Fair as a garden to the ravish'd view!

Rejoice, O youth, and if thy thoughts aspire
  To Heaven's pure bliss, the sacred law revere;
The stranger's wants, the needy soul's desire
  Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear:
So shall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inspire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers, ye daughters of the song,
  Behold the bride with starlike glory shine;
May each succeeding day still glide along
  Fair as the first, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and sorrow fly,
While she o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, shout with cheerful voice,
  See o'er your son the canopy unfold;
And thou, O hoary reverend sire, rejoice,
  May thy glad eyes thy grandson's son behold.
The song of joy, ye youthful kindred, raise,
And let the people join the living God to praise!

## SONNET TO VASCO DE GAMA.

### FROM TASSO.

---

Vasco le cui felici, &c.

---

VASCO, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
  Against the rising morn; and homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
  The wealth of India to thy native shore;

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
  The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclops wrought;
And he who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
  Never such pomp of naval honours wore,

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
  Yet thou to Camoens owest thy noblest fame;
Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
  Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

## SONNET.

### FROM PETRARCH.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul gorged luxu
And bloated slumber on the slothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue throw
And slaved the age to custom's tyranny.

The blessed lights so lost in darkness be,
Those lights by heaven to guide our minds best
Mad were he deem'd who brought from He
The hallow'd water, or the laurel tree.

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd on sordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road;
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the m
Ah, gentle spirit, labour on unspent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of

THE

# POEMS

OF

## Tobias Smollett, M. D.

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THE

# LIFE OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

BY

S. W. SINGER, Esq.

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THE immortal author of 'Roderic Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' and 'Humphry Clinker,' finds a place in the list of unhappy authors by profession, recorded in 'The Calamities of Literature;' yet he was of gentle birth, of an ancient and honourable family. Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, had four sons, the youngest of whom, Archibald, was the father of the poet; his mother was the daughter of Mr. Cunningham, of Gilbertfield; and the marriage took place without the consent of Sir James, while Archibald, who had no profession, was entirely dependent on him; this naturally created displeasure on the part of a prudent father, who, notwithstanding, assigned him the house of Dalquhurn, near his own mansion, with its farm for his support.

Archibald Smollett died early, leaving two sons and a daughter dependent on the bounty of their grandfather; of these the eldest son embraced a military life, and perished in the shipwreck of a transport; the daughter married Mr. Telfer, and her descendants inherit the family patrimony; the second son is the subject of this memoir.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT[1] was born in the old house of Dalquhurn[2] in 1721, and received his first instruction in the elements of classical learning at the

[1] Smollett was christened Tobias *George*, but never used the latter name.

[2] Dalquhurn is near Renton, in the parish of Cardross, and valley of Leven, 'perhaps the most beautiful district in Britain,' a fit birthplace for a poet. Smollett has celebrated the vale of Leven in the beautiful ode addressed to his parent stream, and mentions the home of his forefathers in enthusiastic yet not exaggerated terms in 'Humphry Clinker.' 'A very little above the source of the Leven, on the Lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, so embosomed in an oak-wood that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. The lake approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the windows: it might have been placed in a higher situation, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect, and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantations that it used to be known by the name of The Mavis (or Thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen, or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a fine stream of water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting. I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano de Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake; till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which, being in bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland: I do not doubt that it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.'

school of Dunbarton, under Mr. John Love, the learned antagonist of Ruddiman; from thence he went to Glasgow, where he appears to have pursued his studies with diligence; and was at length, somewhat against his own wish, apprenticed to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon of eminence there. His inclinations led him to a military life, and not being allowed to follow them, he is said to have resented the supposed injury by satirizing his grandfather and his master, under the characters of 'the Old Judge and Mr. Potion,' in his first novel of 'Roderick Random.' He did Mr. Gordon justice at a subsequent period, by speaking handsomely of him by name in 'Humphry Clinker.'

At school, and during his apprenticeship, Smollett evinced 'that love of frolic, practical jest, and playful mischief,' which characterize some of his most prominent heroes, and his satirical talent displayed itself while yet a boy. To some of Mr. Gordon's neighbours, who boasted the superior decorum and propriety of their young pupils, that gentleman is said to have answered, in homely but expressive terms, 'It may be all very true, but give me, before them all, my own bubbly-nosed callant with the stane in his pouch.' He had the discrimination to see those latent talents in his pupil which led to Smollett's future eminence.

When Smollett had scarcely attained his eighteenth year, his grandfather, Sir James, died, neglecting to make any provision for the children of his youngest son; and this, operating with the circumstance before mentioned, gave him the 'painful distinction' of being handed down to posterity in the unamiable character of the Old Judge in 'Roderick Random.'

Thus thrown upon the world, without any thing to hope for but from his own exertions, Smollett, before he was nineteen, commenced his career of adventure by a journey to London, taking with him 'The

Regicide,' a tragedy, written during the course of his studies. What can be more romantic? Without friends or protection he launched upon the troubled sea of life, and during his voyage gained that experience and that insight into character which his admirable productions evince. He was some time flattered with the expectation of having his tragedy brought on the stage. Lord Lyttelton approved of it, and Garrick and Lacy had given him some encouragement; but his hopes were ultimately blighted. Of his fruitless attempts and bitter disappointment he has drawn a forcible picture in the story of Mr. Melopoyn; and at the end of ten years he printed his tragedy in vindication of his wrong, with a preface, in which he does not spare the managers or his patron; but the mediocrity of the drama almost exculpates their neglect.

While he was thus kept in suspense he found it expedient to accept the situation of surgeon's mate, on board a ship of the line; and he sailed soon after on the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena. Of this voyage he has left a short account in his 'Roderic Random,' and a longer one in the Compendium of Voyages which he compiled and published in 1756. The disgust which a man of any sensibility and cultivation would have experienced in such a situation, degraded as it then was, must have been poignantly felt by one of Smollett's lofty and independent spirit. He abruptly quitted the navy in the West Indies, and resided some time in Jamaica, it is not known in what capacity; but returned to England in 1746. This short period of seaservice was enough to enable the quick and intuitive genius of Smollett to describe sailors in such a masterly manner as to afford models to all succeeding writers.

'The Tears of Scotland,' an effusion which came warm from the heart, was written at this period. One of his particular friends has recorded the enthu-

siastic manner in which it was poured forth. 'Some gentlemen, having met at a tavern, were amusing themselves before supper with a game of cards; while Smollett, not choosing to play, sat down to write. One of the company (the late R. Graham, Esq. of Gartmore), who was afterwards nominated one of his trustees, observing his earnestness, and supposing he was writing verses, asked him if it was not so. He accordingly read them the first sketch of 'The Tears of Scotland,' consisting of only six stanzas; and on their remarking that the termination of the poem, being too strongly expressed, might give offence to persons whose political opinions were different, he sat down, without reply, and with an air of great indignation subjoined the concluding stanza—

> While the warm blood bedews my veins,
> And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
> Resentment of my country's fate
> Within my filial breast shall beat.
> Yes, spite of thine insulting foe,
> My sympathizing verse shall flow.
> Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
> Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

Smollett was at this time settled in London, and tried his fortune in his profession, but failed of success. Whether his spirit was too haughty and unbending to submit to the usual courses of establishing a practice, or whether, as one account says, he had not the art of making himself agreeable to his female patients; certain it is that he hastily abandoned that course of life.

He now commenced his career as an author, renewed his attempts to get his tragedy acted, and sent forth, in 1746, 'Advice,' and in the following year 'Reproof,' both poetical satires of merit; but which served to increase the number of his personal

enemies. He had written an opera named 'Alceste,' which, in consequence of a quarrel with Rich, was not acted; and he avenged himself by introducing the manager in his 'Reproof.'

About this time he married Miss Ann Lascelles, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, with whom he became acquainted in the West Indies: he was to have received a fortune of 3000*l.* with her; but of that sum he obtained only a very small portion, after an expensive lawsuit. Having established himself genteelly, the increased expense of housekeeping, which he was unable to meet, urged him to have recourse to his pen, and thus 'Necessity, that fertile mother of invention,' gave the impulse which developed his extraordinary talent as a novelist, and produced 'Roderic Random' in 1748.

The success of this novel was equal to its very superior merit; it brought both profit and reputation to the author. The general opinion that it described his own adventures gave it additional zest, and almost every character was applied to some known individual. 'There can be little doubt that he figured himself under the character of the hero. Mrs. Smollett was supposed to be Narcissa; a bookbinder and a barber, the early acquaintances of Smollett, contended for the character of Strap, and the naval officers under whom he had served were Oakum and Whiffle. Marmozet and Sheerwit, in Mr. Melopoyn's story, were intended for Garrick and Lyttelton.' The real merit of the work, independent of these personal allusions, would have secured its success; but those who know the keen appetite of the public for satire of the humorous kind, will not doubt that they increased its then unprecedented popularity.

In 1750 Smollett made a trip to Paris; but his imperfect knowledge of the French language threw him chiefly into the society of his own countrymen.

Here, however, he accumulated new traits of character, and extended his views of life and manners. 'Peregrine Pickle' was the fruit of this journey, and was probably written in Paris; it appeared in 1751. Dr. Akenside, who had offended Smollett by some reflections on his native country, and by some peculiarities of opinion and manners, found a niche in this production; and the author also introduced other public characters of his time with no sparing hand. 'Peregrine Pickle' was received by the public with the utmost avidity. One circumstance which possibly contributed much to its extreme popularity was the introduction, by way of episode, of the memoirs of a lady of quality, which now seem to be only a tedious interruption of the principal story. The subject of these memoirs was then well known. It was the profligate and shameless Lady Vane, who not only furnished Smollett with the materials to blazon forth her infamy, but rewarded him handsomely for inserting them. The licentiousness of many of the scenes described in this novel was loudly and deservedly censured; and in the second edition he found it necessary to correct many of the most glaring, and to apologize for some of the satirical passages; but he might have blotted more with advantage to his work.

At this time he appears to have entertained a desire to resume the medical profession; and he consequently obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine from some foreign university. Upon this occasion he published 'An Essay on the external Use of Water, with Remarks upon the present Method of using the Mineral Waters of Bath.' In this work he enters into a vindication of a plan for remedying the inconveniences of the baths at that place, by his friend Mr. Cleland, whom he probably intended to serve by this publication; but if it was also intended as an introduction to practice for himself, it failed of its

object. His character as a satirist, and the personal caricatures in his novels, were enough to deter many from taking him into their confidence as a medical guide and friend.

'The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom' were published in 1753. A vivid but disgusting picture of the lowest depths of human depravity; and though Smollett may have purposed to convey a moral by 'setting Fathom up as a beacon for the inexperienced and unwary, and showing his deplorable fate,' the tendency of such works is rather to teach evil than the way to shun it. It is, however, an additional proof of his wonderful insight into the human heart, and his consummate knowledge of life. From this work Cumberland borrowed his idea of a benevolent Jew.

He had now abandoned all hopes of establishing himself as a physician, and was settled at Chelsea in an establishment which was, according to Dr. Moore, 'genteel and hospitable, without being extravagant.' His mode of living he has himself described in 'Humphry Clinker,' and has drawn a satirical picture of those poor literary drudges who partook of his hospitality without scruple, and abused his kindness by every species of ingratitude. It was perhaps rather vainglorious in Smollett to blazon forth his own good deeds; but his literary fends had left him so few friends that he was driven 'to say those handsome things of himself which others would not say for him.'

His life was now devoted to literary occupation, and he soon published a new translation of 'Don Quixote,' for which, under the patronage of Don Ricardo Wall, he had obtained a large subscription. Smollett's genius fitted him peculiarly for the task which he had undertaken; but, for the sake of dispatch, he contented himself with an improvement upon the faithless translation of Jarvis; and Lord

Woodhouslee has given a decided preference to the older and more correct translation of Motteux.

He found at this period a short respite from his labours to make a visit to his native country, and to see his mother. Dr Moore has related a delightful anecdote of what occurred upon this occasion. 'On Smollett's arrival he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and, throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!" She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere look, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile (added she) betrayed you at once!"'

Upon his return to London, Smollett was engaged to undertake the management of the 'Critical Review,' then set up in opposition to the 'Monthly Review.' His talents were very well calculated for the task he undertook, as he had a prompt and ready wit, and a good stock of general knowledge; but he possessed that irritable temperament which often interfered with his better judgment, and made him deal out invective instead of fair and dispassionate criticism. His life was thus imbittered by perpetual squabbles, and he brought upon himself the whole *genus irritabile* of disappointed authors. The political quack Dr. Shebbeare, the satirist Churchill, and Dr. Grainger were among others of less note whom he provoked to retaliation; and an unlucky attack upon Admiral Knowles, who drew him into his toils by a stratagem unworthy of

a gentleman and man of honour, terminated in a sentence of imprisonment for three months, and a fine of 100*l.*

Is it then to be wondered at that he should, in the anguish of his mind, take that disgust at the trade of authorship which he has expressed on more than one occasion? 'Had some of those (says he), who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to discover the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should in all probability have spared myself *the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone.*' And, upon another occasion, he says to Dr. Moore, 'Indeed I am sick of both (praise and censure), and *wish to God my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion.*' He makes one of his correspondents, in 'Humphry Clinker,' express his feelings at the close of life in the following pathetic passage; the truth of which his own experience had taught him. 'I have dwelt so long upon authors that you will perhaps suspect I mean to enroll myself among the fraternity; but if I were actually qualified for the profession, *it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age or infirmity.* Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter at a guinea a sheet for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grandchild; and Psalmanazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsits upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish.'

In 1757 he wrote a dramatic piece, called the 'Reprisals; or, the Tars of Old England,' to animate the people against the French; but Smollett, like other distinguished novelists, evinced no particular excellence as a dramatic writer. Garrick's

liberal conduct on this occasion did him honour; and Smollett expressed his gratitude in the warmest manner. In this year he published his amusing Compendium of authentic and entertaining Voyages, in 7 vols. 12mo.

At the commencement of 1758 was published his 'Complete History of England, from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Peace of Aix la Chapelle,' in 4 vols. 4to. 'This work, which is written with uncommon spirit, is said to have been composed and finished for the press within fourteen months, one of the greatest exertions of facility of composition recorded in the history of literature.' Smollett displayed his political principles in this work, which, though he was a Whig in early life, appear now to have been strongly inclined to Toryism. He seems to have anticipated the censure and invective which he should have to meet; and, in a letter to his friend Dr. Moore, he says, 'I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at least as much as you can, before you begin to peruse it, and consider well the facts before you pass judgment. Whatever may be its defect, I protest, before God, I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without espousing any faction, though I own I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but in the course of my inquiries some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves that I could not help stigmatizing them for their want of integrity and sentiment.' It could hardly be expected that a work got up in such haste should be free from error; the principal defect seems to be inaccurate statements, taken from superficial authorities, and adopted without inquiry: he did not give himself time to examine and compare.

'Sir Launcelot Greaves' was published in detached portions in the 'British Magazine' for 1760-61.

He is said to have written the portions of this work hastily, as they were wanted for the press, and not to have troubled himself much in correction. The plot, which was suggested by Don Quixote, is extravagant and improbable; but the characters of Crowe and Crabshaw, Ferret and Clarke, are worthy of the hand which drew them.

The success which attended his historical labours induced him to write a 'Continuation of the History of England, from 1748 to 1765,' which was published in detached numbers; the sale was very extensive, and he obtained 2000*l.* by both his histories, a large sum at that time, when literary labours were not generally overpaid: but it is said that his bookseller also gained 1000*l.* by the mere transfer of the copyright to another. This 'Continuation' is still appended to Hume's History of England, and upon the whole is not unworthy to rank with it. He also lent his aid to the completion of 'The Modern Universal History,' in which the histories of France, Italy, and Germany are written by him.

When Lord Bute came into office Smollett employed his pen in the defence of government against popular clamour, in a weekly paper called 'The Briton.' This was promptly answered and eventually written down by the celebrated 'North Briton' of Wilkes. Smollett had been on the most friendly terms with his opponent, and had availed himself of his friendship upon several occasions; once for the kind purpose of procuring the release of Francis Barber, Dr. Johnson's negro servant, who had entered as a sailor; and sometimes where he himself was interested. But friendship gave way to political animosity, and Smollett forgot the obligations and gratitude he had so warmly expressed. The minister wanted spirit to sustain the contest. Smollett, however, was not deficient in courage or zeal,

and was indignant that 'Lord Bute should set himself up as a pillory, to be pelted at by all the blackguards of England, upon the supposition that they would grow tired and leave off.'

In 1763 Smollett lent his name, if not his assistance, to a translation of Voltaire's Works, and to a compilation called 'The present State of all Nations.' About this time he was visited by a calamity which deeply afflicted him. He lost his only child, Elizabeth, an amiable and accomplished young person, at the interesting age of fifteen. His health sunk under the effects of grief, and he found it necessary to endeavour to divert its progress by a continental tour. From June 1763 to 1766 he resided abroad; and on his return published his 'Travels through France and Italy,' in 2 vols. 8vo. in the form of letters to his friends. They afford a melancholy picture of his mind, which seems to have been in a state to receive unfavourable impressions from objects which, under more happy circumstances, he would have contemplated with pleasure; yet his acute observation, his natural good sense, and pointed humour at times break through the splenetic gloom: he was 'overwhelmed with the sense of domestic calamity,' he thought himself 'traduced by malice and persecuted by faction,' and his bodily suffering added to these put him out of humour with himself and with all the world.

Soon after his return to England, his health still decaying, 'he visited Scotland for the last time, and had the pleasure of receiving a parent's last embrace.' He was now afflicted with constant rheumatic pains, and with an ulcer on his arm, which, having been neglected at first, caused him great suffering, and confined him to his chamber. It was but at short intervals that he could associate with his friends.

From Scotland he went to Bath; and by the spring of 1767 he seems in some degree to have recovered his health and spirits; the ulcer had given way to the application of some mercurial remedies; and he writes to Dr. Moore, in a letter which contains the process of his cure, thus—'Had I been as well in summer I should have exquisitely enjoyed my expedition to Scotland, which was productive of nothing to me but misery and disgust. Between friends, I am now convinced that my brain was in some measure affected; for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from the April to November without intermission. In consideration of these circumstances, I know you will forgive all my peevishness and discontent: and tell good Mrs. Moore, to whom I present my most cordial respects, that, with regard to me, she has as yet seen nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry.'

In 1769 he resumed his literary labours, and published 'The Adventures of an Atom,' in which, with some degree of political tergiversation created by disappointment, he satirized the political leaders from the year 1754. The characters of Lord Bute and Lord Chatham, which he had given in his History, he retracts, and sees every thing through a new medium in this political satire. His health now again relapsed, and, change of climate being deemed essentially necessary, attempts were made in vain to obtain for him the office of consul in some port of the Mediterranean. His political sins could not be forgiven, and he was obliged to take his departure and depend upon his own precarious resources for support. His friend Dr. Armstrong procured him a house at Monte Novo, near Leghorn, 'a village romantically situated on the side or a mountain overlooking the sea.' It was here that he prepared for the press 'The Expedition of Humphry Clinker,'

which he had begun to write while upon his journey. 'This was his last, and, like music, "sweetest in the close," the most pleasing of his compositions.' Who has not been delighted with that original and masterly character Matthew Bramble? Smollett drew from the life, he delineated his own virtues and his own foibles without favour or affection. Mrs. Tabitha Bramble and Lismahago, Winifred Jenkins and Humphry Clinker, are worthy of each other, and are unrivaled in the world of fiction. The plan of the work is not one of its least merits, though it was suggested by Anstey's recently published 'Bath Guide.' Smollett has so much improved upon the slight hint as to give to his creation all the merit of original conception. 'Humphry Clinker' was published in 1771, and was very favourably received, notwithstanding the popular odium against the Scotch, which was then at its height. His undue partiality for Scotland was objected to him by his personal enemies; it was observed, 'that Matthew Bramble's cynicism becomes gradually softened as it journeys northward, and that he, who equally detested Bath and London, becomes wonderfully reconciled to walled cities and the hum of men when he finds himself an inhabitant of the northern metropolis. It is not worth defending so excellent a work against so weak an objection. The author was a dying man, and his thoughts were turned towards the scenes of youthful gaiety and abode of early friends with a fond partiality, which, had they been even less deserving of his attachment, would have been not only pardonable but praiseworthy.

'Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.'

Beside the sketch of his own character in that of Matthew Bramble, he records the ingratitude of a

worthless wretch to him, under the fictitious names of Paunceford and Serle; the circumstances are almost literally true. He speaks of himself more openly in a letter toward the close of the work, already cited, wherein he describes his mode of life at Chelsea.

Smollett lingered through the summer, and, after much suffering, died on the twenty-first of October 1771, at the untimely age of fifty-one years. It is much to be feared that his end was hastened by grief for the loss of his much loved child, and by chagrin at unmerited neglect. His widow long continued to reside in the neighbourhood of Leghorn supporting herself in obscurity and with difficulty upon the small remnant of fortune which he had been able to bequeath to her; and she diminished her slender means by erecting a plain monument to his memory, on which was engraved an inscription written by his friend Dr. Armstrong.

Dr. Moore describes the person of Smollett as 'stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity which seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers.' In the relations of son, husband, and father, he was eminently distinguished for kindness and affection; and the manner in which he was mentioned by his surviving friends plainly shows that he had qualities which were capable of producing the strongest attachment. His disposition was generous and humane, and his benevolence sometimes even exceeded the strict line of prudence: he has been represented as 'more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve than of those who could serve him. With great sensibility he had no inconsiderable share of pride, his passions were easily moved, and impetuous when once roused; but he was ready to

atone for and acknowledge any unjust reflections which his intemperance might have led him into.

Smollett's verses are few, but they are excellent; they breathe inspiration. Who does not regret that he should be so entirely occupied in literary drudgery as to leave him no leisure to give us more? 'The Ode to Independence,' 'The Tears of Scotland,' and the beautiful little pastoral ode 'To Leven Water' are, however, enough to give him no mean rank among the lyrical poets of Britain.

His literary character has been drawn by Sir Walter Scott, with the felicity and the enthusiasm of kindred genius, in an elegant memoir prefixed to his novels, which I have frequently availed myself of in this slight sketch: it would have given me pleasure to have quoted it at length here; but I must content myself with that portion which relates to the poetry of Smollett.

'Every successful novelist must be more or less A POET, even though he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate powers of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense which limits the name to those who write verses, *a poet of distinction;* and in this particular superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight translation from the classics.'—In a note upon this passage Mr. Campbell's opinion of Smollett's poems is cited, in which he says, 'They have a portion of delicacy, not to be found in his novels; but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of a master's hand.' 'The truth is (adds Sir Walter

Scott) that in these very novels are expended many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry[3].'

[3] In drawing a parallel between Fielding and Smollett, this distinguished writer says, 'We readily grant to Smollet an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.' The world will surely appeal from his judgment in favour of his own unacknowledged productions—the NOVELS BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

# ODES.

## TO INDEPENDENCE.

### STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
  Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
  Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty! whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
      clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
  With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
  The sons of Woden to the field defied;
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
  In Heaven's name urged the' infernal blow;
  And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood[1]!

### ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
  From altars stained with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led,
  In safety, to the bleak Norwegian shore.

[1] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick, King of Denmark.

There in a cave asleep she lay,
  Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
  Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
  The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
  And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopp'd; he gazed; his bosom glow'd,
  And deeply felt the' impression of her charms:
He seized the' advantage Fate allow'd;
  And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew seream'd, the tritons blew
  Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
  And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
  Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
  The' auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain dryads seized with joy
  The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;
  The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
  He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
  The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the' aspiring [soul.
On desert isles[2] 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her [grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the' Iberian's double chain[3];
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan[4];
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd[5]
Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;

[2] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

[3] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

[4] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

[5] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

And many a Tartar-horde forlorn, aghast[6],
  He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
  The' all cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
  Diffused through every baser mould,
E'en now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
  And turns the dross of Corsica to gold[7].
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
  Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips, by him chastised to truth,
  Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
  Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
  And forge vile shackles for the freeborn mind.
Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
  And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
And Title his ill woven chaplet wears,
  Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
  Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
  Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

[6] From the tyranny of Genghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

[7] The noble stand made by Pascal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French king must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
  With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
  That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
  And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
  And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
  And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
  Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
  By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
  And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There Study shall with Solitude recline;
  And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
  The slender cord that fluttering Life sustains:
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
  And Taste, unspoil'd, the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
  And Sleep, unbribed, his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled Innocence, etherial sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

## TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptured sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And, flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray, [day.
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak the' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The Morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower!
Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly the' approach of morn.
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread the' all cheering light, [night.
Quick as the lightnings flash glide to sepulchral

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

## TO SLEEP.

Soft Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O, listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lovest to glide along
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king;

The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around;
Rich Industry, with toil embrown'd;
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

---

## TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par[1].
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

[1] The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

---

## TO BLUE-EYED ANN.

When the rough North forgets to howl,
And Ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Libyan sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!
When heavenly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn;
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
Nor parching heats the dogstar bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
Nor Love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the passion birth;
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When Nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

## BURLESQUE ODE[1].

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
These pious arms assay'd, too late,
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
For whom so oft to Marybone, alack! [ways!
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee through the worst of

Oil-dropping Twickenham did not then detain
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids;
Nor the sweet environs of Drury Lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embowering shades;
Nor Whitehall by the river's bank,
Beset with rowers dank; [sons;
Nor where the' Exchange pours forth its tawny
Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood,
Steep Snow Hill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs:

[1] Dr. Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by Lord Lyttelton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou shouldst doze and dream,
When Death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
Her liberal hand and sympathizing breast
The brute creation kindly bless'd:
Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find?
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad funereal lay,
Ah! woe is me! alack! and welladay!

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,

WRITTEN IN 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life!
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:

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NY

SMOLLET.

And stretch'd beneath th'inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

Fair of Rosline

Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A. Engraved by

Published 1^st Jan 1797 by John Sharpe,
Piccadilly

No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath the' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.'

## VERSES ON A YOUNG LADY,

### PLAYING ON A HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quivering wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And when she raised the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had the nymph possess'd with these
Thy softer, chaster power, to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

The worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken lovesick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd a hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

---

## LOVE ELEGY.

### IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flattering dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
  With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
  Or press her, wanton, in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range the' empurpled mead,
  Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
  To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
  Where Fancy paints the glimmering taper blue,
Where damps hang mouldering on the ivied wall,
  And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
  A while in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewell to Love and Care,
  To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
  On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,
  And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

# ADVICE, AND REPROOF;

## Two Satires.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1746 AND 1747.

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——— Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.——
O Proceres! censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
JUVENAL.

——— nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
IBID.

LIBRARY

## ADVICE.

### A Satire.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;
Divorced, all hell shall not retie the noose!
Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope[1] fly swifter, lashing for his life,
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

[1] General Cope was famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgotten to bring his army along with him.

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; Nature, ever kind,
Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small——
Why sleeps the Muse?—is there no room for praise,
When such bright names in constellation blaze?
When sage Newcastle[2], abstinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the state;
And Grafton[3], towering Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville[4] and Bath[4] illustrious, need I name
For sober dignity and spotless fame;
Or Pitt, the' unshaken Abdiel[5] yet unsung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

POET.

The' advice is good; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?

[2] Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

[3] This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office of Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureate on Colley Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

[4] Two noblemen famous, in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

[5] Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified—

But what of that? the more the bard shall claim,
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse the' engaged attention of the great,
Amused, perhaps, with C——'s[6] prolific bum,
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum[7];
While the grim porter watches every door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
The' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell,
Nor the gaunt, growling, janitor of hell.
E'en Atticus (so wills the voice of fate)
Inshrines in clouded majesty his state;
Nor to the' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
Though priests adore, and every priest a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe?
Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While, fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;

[6] This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

[7] This was a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled *a drum*, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There were also drum major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Till, scandal, indigence, and scorn my lot,
The dreary gaol entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,
Who, while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he falls, attempt the' avenging blow?
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast,
And rid his country of one curse at least!

FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

POET.

Let the' assassin bleed:
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures the' unpractised mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.

FRIEND.

Heavens, how you rail! the man's consumed by spite!
If Lockman's[8] fate attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
The lower still you crawl, you 'll climb the higher.
Go then, with every supple virtue stored,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave:
Be sure you fasten on Promotion's scale,
E'en if you seize some footman by the tail:

[8] Lockman's fate was to be little read, and less approved.

The' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
From the smirch'd scullion to the' embroider'd
peer.
The' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides;
Advanced again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame,
The slave, perhaps, of some insatiate dame;
But if exempted from the' Herculean toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,
His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite;
Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
And grasp, in hope, a truncheon and a star:
Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;
His fate in consul, clerk, or agent vary,
Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary:
Composed of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
A prostrate sycophant, shall rise a L——d[9]:
And, won from kennels to the' impure embrace,
Accomplish'd Warren[10] triumph o'er disgrace.

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground!
A vice that spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!

[9] This child of dirt (to use a great author's expression), without any other quality than groveling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

[10] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoeblack: it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

Pollio! the pride of science and its shame,
The Muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
The' indecent grotto and polluted dome!
There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,
Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
Let Chardin [11] with a chaplet round his head,
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;
'Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white.'
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
Let Isis [12] wail in murmurs, as she runs,
Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons;
While dulness screens the failings of the church [13],
Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch:
Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heaven-born taste and emulation reign.

[11] This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

[12] In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

[13] This is a decent and parental office, in which dulness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lackeys fatten at his board:
To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbours' weaknesses to screen.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
But if an impious wretch, with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,
If nor by reason awed, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
The' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.
What if, aroused at his imperious call,
A hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
Proclaims the' united art of Greece and Rome:
What though whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependent slumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd pass'd,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole?
These sons of sloth, who by profusion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive;

And numbers pine in solitary woe,
Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
When silent misery assail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
Or his extensive charity pervade
To those who languish in the barren shade,
Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
The bootless talent warms the lonely breast?
No! petrified by dulness and disdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand, liberal, owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn
Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—
What new resource?

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:
These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy studies to the' auspicious fair:
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depress,
Save those that grace the' excelling patroness;
Trophies to her on others' follies raise,
And, heard with joy, by defamation praise:

To this collect each faculty of face,
And every feat perform of sly grimace;
Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd;
And the loud laugh, through all its changes rung,
Applaud the' abortive sallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,
Soon shalt thou sharp, in company, at whist;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate [14],
Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

POET.

But say, what recompense for all this waste
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste?
To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?
Again shall Handel raise his laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow!
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks;
And Punch, no longer Frasi's rival, squeaks.
Lo, Russel [15] falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amazed, in Newgate, from his dream:

[14] These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them: we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

[15] A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppetshow, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But, the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expense they had entailed upon

With trembling hands implores their promised aid;
And sees their favour like a vision fade;
Is this, ye faithless syrens!—this the joy,
To which your smiles the' unwary wretch decoy!
Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie!
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduced, abandon'd, and undone!
Rather in garret pent[16], secure from harm,
My Muse with murders shall the town alarm;
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl, like Guthrie, for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect, in a beldam's power,
And dread the crush of caprice every hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file[17]:
What though success will not attend on all,
Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.

him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

[16] These are the dreams and fictions of Grub Street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

[17] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread,
Each weakness, vice, and folly yields thee bread;
Wouldst thou, with prudent condescension, strive
On the long settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother:
Turn usurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood;
Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal——

POET.

Why not a purse?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue,
And what is Conscience, but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life?
The wayward child of Vanity and Fear,
The peevish dam of Poverty and Care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred power! my glory and my guide!
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide;

Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul;
My soul serene, amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

POET.

No; thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;
And moral rage heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
And him who sought the bosom of the wood[18]?
Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit the' unhospitable shore.

[18] This line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

## REPROOF.

### A Satire.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head:
I pant for silence e'en in this retreat—
Good Heaven! what demon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injured friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injured friend!—who challenges the name?
If you; what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your interest prop me, or your purse relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant the' indulgence e'er so strong,
Display without reserve the' imagined wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deflower'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;

Traduced your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

FRIEND.

No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Exposed my private counsel to the town.

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes; season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflamed with so much virulence of spleen
That the mild town (to give the devil his due)
Ascribed the whole performance to a Jew.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallow'd be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortified than I;
Not e'en the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath the' inhuman scoffs of Williamson [1].

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self denial—
The vanquish'd knight [2] has triumph'd in his trial.

[1] Governor of the Tower.

[2] Sir John Cope.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul!—the' imputed charge rehearse,
I 'll own my error and expunge the verse.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of fable shall the goddess wear:—
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquired dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves, fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without control the' unguarded flocks:
The sufferers, crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,
To shield their lambs from danger and alarms;
A thousand rams the champions of the fold,
In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
Engaged in firm association stood,
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,
To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest;
Their prayer was heard, and, by consent of all,
A courtier-ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arranged the battle stood,
The savage foe came pouring like a flood;

Then pug, aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd, in threescore miles, to look behind;
While every band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The scared baboon (to cut the matter short)
With all his speed could not outrun Report;
And to appease the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
The board was named—each worthy took his place;
All senior members of the horned race[3].—
The wether, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there,
And a grave, hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
The' inquiry pass'd, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
And, pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd—
'If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
But sacred wisdom, with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought,
The' important issue of this grand debate
May furnish precedent for your own fate;

[3] It is not to be wondered at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it; consequently, those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
'Tis plain, you say, his excellence, Sir Ape,
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd the' example their wise leader gave.
Let us, then, every vulgar hint disdain,
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.'—
The' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope,
Mark'd as you are, a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.

POET.

Hail, sacred themes! the Muse's chief delight!
O, bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
The' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song[4].

[4] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Crassum unguentum, et sardo cum melle papaver.*

Nor would the' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's[5] worth the tributary lay;
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
Did not his virtues eternized remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not e'en the pleasing task is left, to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
Else should the venerable patriot stand
The' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
The gladdening prospect let me still pursue:
And bring fair Virtue's triumphs to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune bless'd or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot[6].
But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorged with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil,
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle;
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck[7],
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper[8] glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

[5] The Earl of Chesterfield.

[6] Daniel Mackercher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress; Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

[7] A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

[8] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want, at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

FRIEND.

Relapsed again! strange tendency to rail;
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unpruned by me:
Corruption roll'd in a triumphant car,
Displays his burnish'd front and glittering star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle[9], caress'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball;
Where peers attentive listen and adore,
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obsequies[10] I sung no dirge;
Nor has my satire yet supplied a scourge
For the vile tribes of usurers and bites,
Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's.
Each low pursuit, and slighter folly, bred
Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontrol'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
Nor feels the rigour of my chastening hand:
While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;

[9] A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

[10] Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
Which daily persecute his wretched life;
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his bosom while the mail is read.
Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
While the young lordling struts in native pride,
His partycolour'd tutor[11] by his side,
Pleased, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.
Fraught with the spirit of a gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
While his brain spews new monsters to the crowd[12];
I see with joy, the vaticide deplore
A hell-denouncing priest and sovereign whore.
Let every polish'd dame and genial lord
Employ the social chair and venal board[13];

[11] Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

[12] Monsters of absurdity.

'He look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all."

DUNCIAD.

[13] This is no other than an empty sedan, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a

Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
The giggling minx, half choak'd behind her cards;
These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.
Let Pride conceive and Folly propagate,
The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
By this dishonour ceases to be shame:
This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawly's face,
Gives Hawley[14] praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace,
From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blundering, busy dunce!
And may (should taste a little more decline)
Transform the nation to a herd of swine.

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!
Nor will thy verse the' obscene event disgrace;
Thy flowers of poetry, that smell so strong,
The keenest appetites have loathed the song;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty[15],
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:

decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood. Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

[14] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

[15] A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste are much of the same dimension.

While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain
Of him, who never speaks but to arraign:
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank,
Though conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each passage read,
And often hums and shakes his empty head,
Until some oracle adored, pronounce
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,—
'Tis bold, insipid, soaring, or absurd.
These, and the' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

# SONGS.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain:
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But when, invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see the' enlighten'd soul display'd;
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate!
Thy genius active, strong, and clear,
Thy wit sublime, though not severe,
The social ardour, void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
My resolution dies away,
And every faculty oppress'd,
Almighty love invades my breast!

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As Winter's dreary frost unkind,

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolved no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend! 'tis but a shortlived trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forged the chain.

---

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ochone, my dear jewel,
Why was you so cruel
Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

Though Teague shut the casement in Ballyclough hall;
Though Teague shut the casement in Ballyclough hall;
In the dark she was groping,
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himself couldnot stand such a fall.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
If you 're dead, do but own it;
Then you'll hear me bemoan it;
For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
O! the month of November,
She'll have cause to remember,
As a black letter day all the days of her life.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
But, without a dismission,
I'd lose my commission,
And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

FROM the man whom I love, though my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks!
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and is brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain,
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown,
And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierced to the heart
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or, in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his
eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

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BEHOLD! my brave Britons, the fair springing
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses: [gale,
Buss and part with your frolicsome lasses;
Then abroad and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvass and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other music than catches;
Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

---

COME listen, ye students of every degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor, perdie,
A statesman profound, and a critic immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense;
And yet of his talents though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain.

His father, intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel
to wield,
But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
For his skull was secured by a facing of brick;
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The skill of his sire he could never attain.

His mother, a housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his studies, but flattering his taste,
From the raising of wall to the rearing of paste:
But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
For the pie-making mystery he ne'er could attain.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen
A jumble of both their professions, I ween;
For when his own genius he ventured to trust,
His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust.
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain.

## PROLOGUE TO THE REPRISAL.

### SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

An ancient sage, when Death approach'd his bed,
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
And, that no fiend might hiss or prove uncivil,
With vows and prayers he fairly bribed the devil:
Yet neither vows, nor prayers, nor rich oblation
Could always save the sinner—from damnation.
  Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
The critic's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.
  Here Justice seems from her straight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.
  So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dulness is—prepense.
  He means to please—he owns no other view;
And now presents you with—a sea ragoût.
A dish—howe'er you relish his endeavours,
Replete with a variety of flavours.
  A stout Hibernian and ferocious Scot
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without some acid juice of English tar.
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the dessert shall be a bloodless battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath aroused begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flowers
of France.
Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffused her fame around the world:
Still shall that godlike flame your bosoms fire,
The generous son shall emulate the sire;
Her ancient splendour England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—the' unrival'd empress of the main.

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## EPILOGUE TO THE REPRISAL.

### SPOKEN BY MISS MACKLIN.

Ay—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground—
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
Midst roaring, thundering, danger and dismay;
Exposed to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass—
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in prayer and fasting I had spent:
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had proved a mess of delicate soupe—maigre:

To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr:
But, Heaven be praised, the Frenchman caught
a tartar.

Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:
Shall he come safe to port or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.—
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder:
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,
[*To the Gallery.*
Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
Nor gulf, but that which horrid yawns below.
[*To the Pit.*
The bravest chiefs, e'en Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tamed with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulged with favouring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
[*Looking round the House.*
And hollow groans portend the' approaching
storm:
Should the descending showers of hail redouble,
[*To the Gallery.*
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,
[*To the Pit.*
He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

THE END.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.